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JOHN BULL

Vol. XII. No. 302 SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1912. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page 384.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

FOOTBALL VOUCHER
MARCH 16, 1912.
See page iii. of cover.

N. B.

Note well—to take home *to-day* a copy of this week's "Mrs. Bull," now on sale, 1d. All your lady friends will like to read the striking article

Do Men Wear Well?

There are several other Articles of unusual interest, Chats, Household Hints, Needlework, Fashions, and a host of other enjoyable and helpful features.

2 SETS OF PATTERNS GIVEN AWAY

With every copy. Buy it now.

"Waiting to be Shaved" is a perpetual source of annoyance and waste of valuable time.

Almost every man knows the inconvenience and discomfort of a shave at the average barber's. Nine times out of ten you find at least three or four other "waiters" to take their turn before you—and while you wait, others come in.

The barber is generally "busy"—He must get his work done quickly, so you, as well as others are "rushed" through in order to be ready for the next.

Your time is too valuable, so free yourself from all this trouble and inconvenience. Buy a

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

and shave in comfort throughout your life. The CLEMAK has established its reputation amongst shaving men who, having tried other razors, find that irrespective of price the CLEMAK is the best.—It gives a clean, close, comfortable shave every time.—Prove our statement—Buy one to-day.

The CLEMAK Safety Razor is BRITISH MADE—simple—strong—durable. The CLEMAK Complete 5/- Outfit consists of Triple Silver-Plated Frame (beautifully finished), Self-contained Stropping Handle, and Seven Perfect Blades (these blades are made of the Finest Grade Sheffield Steel, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process); the whole contained in a case, size 2 ins. by 3¾ ins.

We also make a specially finished case containing twelve carefully selected CLEMAK Blades, an extra heavily silver-plated CLEMAK Frame, CLEMAK Stropping Machine, and a superior Velvet Hide Strop.

Price Complete 10/6.

Obtainable from Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or post free direct from CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Buy a CLEMAK Safety Razor To-Day — and it will prove your friend for life.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XII. No. 302. Week ending Saturday, March 16th, 1912. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

£50 REWARD.

LIBELLOUS LETTERS—"BOAR'S HEAD ENGLISH BOND" WATERMARK.

The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as will lead to the identification of the individual who, for some time past, has been addressing letters to the Editor of this journal, signed either "Prudential" or "J. Simpson," and purporting to be addressed from "Holborn Bars" or "17, Coleman Street, E.C.," respectively. The letters are written on quarto sheets of paper bearing the following watermark: "Boar's Head English Bond." In no circumstances will the name of the informant be disclosed. Reply, The Editor, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The following are specimens of the handwriting:—

Prudential
Holborn
17 Coleman St
J. Simpson

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

MR. ASQUITH.

We regret that we were unable to be at the Asquith lunch. He is one of the men whom it is an honour to honour. And he is one of the few men whom power has not spoiled. He is also one of the few "human" men on the Treasury Bench. We have not read his speech, for as Party leader he does not interest us, and we are sufficiently familiar with the post-prandial brand of Party oratory. But for the Coal Strike, however, the speech *would* have interested everybody—by reason of an announcement which the crisis has rendered it desirable to defer.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE STRIKE.

How very illuminating is the attitude of the "Labour Party"—led by the young Scotch school-teacher, Ramsay Macdonald! Who takes any notice of them now? But for the Prime Minister, would there have been any serious attempt at compromise? Well may Mr. Norman Tiptaft, in another column, speculate upon the New Order which is to emerge from the break-up of the old system of things.

Our POLICY.

Public opinion is rapidly coming round to the policy we recently propounded. If private ownership in the mines is to remain, it must be subject, as regards both owners and men, to some such kind of special machinery as we indicated—and which, by this time, might have been set up and in full working order.

HOME RULE.

"Reciprocity, my Lords," once declared the great "Dizzy," "*whatever its merits*, is dead." So is Home Rule, so far as this Parliament is concerned; whilst as the next one—*unless war with Germany intervenes*—will be Tory, it is also damned. So that we shall soon have to add Ireland, once more, to the factors of discord in the nation's affairs.

FEMALE FRANCHISE.

This, too, is a political corpse—literally stoned to death. The ordinary citizen rather enjoyed watching the suffragettes and the police having a friendly set-to, but when it comes to having his shop window broken—well, that is a mare of quite a different colour! Meanwhile, Mr. Snowden, having nothing better to do at the moment—being only a Labour M.P.!—has introduced Bills to give better educational facilities to women; to throw open additional posts in the Civil Service to them, and to give wives a claim for maintenance! *What* a statesman!

SOUTH MANCHESTER.

This was neither a victory for one Party nor a defeat for another. It was simply a declaration by a big industrial constituency that, in the present crisis, it wants a real Government—*i.e.*, one that will govern. The result would have been the same had the Tories been in power—for neither Party is competent to deal with the conditions of modern life. The country is sick and tired of the game, and will rebel alternately against each Party as it proves its impotence to govern. In other words, the country is weary of Politics, and wants Business. That is the long and the short of it.

TWO VIEWS.

From the *Daily Express*, March 5th—"Wanted, a Man." From the *Daily Chronicle* of the same date—"Wanted, a Discussion." There you have it in a nutshell!

Too Thick.

From the point of view of business the present administration is neither worse nor better than its predecessors. The Devil is entitled to his due, and even when painting in black there is such a thing as laying on the colour too thick. For instance, Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., writing about the significance of the Manchester bye-election, the other day, said it marks the near end of "the most corrupt administration that has ever governed a great State." This is not Alan at his best. He should remember that there is such a thing as history—and in Party politics it does nothing but repeat itself.

Not so Simple.

Sir John Simon is finding a pretty wit. Answering the Marquess of Tullibardine in the House the other day regarding the giving of refreshments and cigars at meetings held under the auspices of the West Norfolk Liberal Associations in favour of the National Insurance Act, he stated that it was not open to the authorities to take any action under the Corrupt Practices Act. His interrogator pressed to know whether persons giving a monetary equivalent to the cigars would be equally immune from prosecution, and Sir John must be admitted to have scored with the retort that the noble Lord must let him test the cigar before he could answer.

The Suffragettes.

There are cynics who say that the last thing which the professional temperance advocate desires is—Temperance; and it has even been said that the Irish Party prefers fighting for Home Rule to actually getting it—the theory in each case being that the object once achieved, the occupation of the agitators would be gone. Be that as it may, we must be forgiven for believing that the recent tactics of the militant Suffragettes were deliberately devised to defeat the proposed female franchise legislation. And they will not fail in their end.

The Miners' Minimum.

From a miner:—"Even when the strike is over and done with (for the time) the minimum wage will not be all beer and skittles for every miner below ground. Nothing is more certain than that the employers will balance matters somehow, the probable result being that miners earning tip-top wages in the soft places will have to take a turn in the hard ones, while those who have been working in the hard places will take a turn in the soft ones. Not only will this be an additional safeguard against malingering, but the big wages will come down so that the small wages may go up; wherefore the man at present earning from, say, 8s. 6d. to 10s. a day will be woefully disgruntled, and in a year or two or less we may find him chucking down his tools again because the minimum wage has averaged down his earnings." There is much in what our friend says.

Legacy for Spook Hunters.

Current belief is that, when last heard of, the Psychical Research Society were singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," Mr. H. W. Wilson, a bobbin manufacturer of Liverpool, having by will left them £10,000 on the death of his wife. As there is a great deal of pressing investigation to be done in the spook line, it is hereby suggested that they should immediately communicate with Mr. Wilson and get him to persuade his wife to let them have some of the money now. He is flying about in robes of white somewhere; or, if not, moving chairs and tables. Strange that all Spiritualists go into the furniture-moving trade when they die.

From a Salvation Army handbill: "Shepherd will appear in prison dress.—A perfect treat for all."

Mistress of the Air.

Great Britain being mistress of the seas, France is now anxious to be mistress of the air. The tinker, the tailor, the soldier, the sailor, the rich man, the poor man, the beggar and the thief are subscribing for army aeroplanes. The excitement has reached such a pitch that a banker, wishing to give his wife a present, asked her what she would prefer, and she at once replied that she preferred him to buy the War Office an aeroplane. Of course Lord Haldane has no right to boss the air, but, for all that, he may as well keep an eye on what is doing up there. "Hands across the sea" is one thing—but aeroplanes are another.

Flying Dreadnoughts.

It is probably in that belief that Colonel Seely has announced the intention of the Government to spend £300,000 on airships fighting in the blue, a new flying corps, and a large tract of land on Salisbury Plain, in order that military aeroplanists may learn what to drop on. It is a horrible thought that in a few years the nation which owns the air will probably own the earth—when super-dreadnoughts won't count much more in war than blackbeetles. It is not our business to give anything away to the Kaiser, but, if we were he, we should give up the naval race with Britain and spend our money in buying flying machines to keep the air clear of opposing traffic. As it is, France has a long start of all of us. She always *was* of a flighty disposition!

The Malingerer.

The County Court judge of West Bromwich apparently agrees with the late Grand Old Man that the resources of civilisation are not exhausted. He has reintroduced the trial by ordeal. A labourer had received compensation for injury to his leg, and his employers applied to terminate the order on the ground that the man's leg was now perfectly well, and that his lameness was all sham. What was to be done? The medical referee put the man under an anæsthetic, and lo! "the leg moved easily and freely." Thus proved, the judge at once terminated the compensation award. It is all very ingenious, and persons suing before his honour had better be careful.

Tenby Harbour Accounts.

About the time we wrote our recent letter to the Town Clerk of Tenby in connection with the Harbour accounts, the special committee appointed to enquire into them were making their report. That report discloses a condition of affairs as to which there ought to be only one result, and that is a prosecution of the party or parties concerned. There have obviously been serious defalcations over a period of years, and in the interests of the ratepayers and of public policy the duty of the Town Council is to fix the responsibility, not only concerning the defalcations, but also as to who has been responsible for the oversight and audit of the accounts, and how they came to be passed in the state in which they are now found. Let there be light.

Imagine the Situation!

Glancing through the Centenary Baptist Chapel, Cambridge, Monthly Magazine, we perceive an article on "The Canker of Whist," signed "W. K. B.," whom we assume to be the Rev. W. K. Bryce, the pastor. "Suppose Jesus Christ," the article concludes, "were to suddenly appear in the midst of a whist party connected with any church, and find some of the members sitting with their hands full of cards in the act of gambling. Imagine the situation if you can." The utterly nauseous way in which the sacred name is dragged into the social views of these professional killjoys makes it impossible to answer the provocation. Whenever we find a man writing or talking in that way we suspect him of pietistic humbug. He also makes us feel sick.

He That was to Come.

Peradventure our dear and rev. brother Bryce would like to hear what has happened at Torquay. A few days ago the local Women's Liberal Association gave a whist drive and dance, amongst the guests being another pious gentleman. Addressing this whist drive, what did Mr. John Smerdon say? "Speaking of Mr. Lloyd George, his aspirations and achievements, he said he was sure if Jesus Christ were on earth to-day he would be a veritable Lloyd George." This being the hypothetical metamorphosis of Brother Smerdon, we are freer to direct our attention to the supposition of our rev. and dear brother Bryce, for it would read, "Suppose Lloyd George were suddenly to appear in the midst of a whist drive——" Well, we are not at all sure he would not take a hand—or, more likely still, levy a toll on the stakes.

The Groom to the Stable.

The motive of a man's acts is not always what it seems, and while no doubt the Blackmore coroner's jury may have felt themselves justified in adding to their verdict an expression of opinion that Mr. T. W. Dyer, of Rookery Hall, Blackmore, should have shown greater respect for the dead than to let the body of his groom be placed in the stable, we can well understand that he did not intend any disrespect at all. Think of the circumstances. Mr. Dyer had accidentally shot this poor fellow dead, and while he himself might have been willing to take the body into his house, it is not difficult to understand that his wife and family would be in trouble and anxiety enough without having it thus thrust upon them. Having regard to all the circumstances of the case, it is likely that the master of the dead groom would be thinking of something other than doing a disrespect to his body.

Within the Meaning of the Act.

The father of little Freddy Newman, who lives in Pember Road, Kensal Green, recently built him a motor car. Freddy being only five, it was necessary that he should have something quiet and sound in wind and limb. The engine was therefore 1½ horse-power, warranted not to exceed the speed of 4 miles an hour, and it was under the control of a powerful lever, on which Freddy had to press his foot in order to keep the car going; when Freddy lifted his foot the car halted. Recently Freddy's car was stopped by a policeman on the beat, with a demand for Freddy's licence. Freddy said he hadn't one. Then the officer demanded his "official number." Alas, Freddy hadn't an official number! Taken to the police station, he was charged with riding a petrol-driven vehicle without a licence. At the time of going to press we have no authentic information concerning Freddy's fate; but if ever the case comes into court, we trust that Freddy will appear in person—in which case he may not only vindicate his good name, but possibly also get a stick of lollipop from the Poor Box.

"Git Yer 'Air Cut."

The following is an extract from Battalion orders of the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment:—

> It is most desirable that a battalion barber's shop should be continued, and that the services of a competent barber be retained, but that will not be possible unless proper support is given to this institution. The Commanding Officer directs that in future the O.C. each company will forward to the President Regimental Institute the sum of 3d. for each Non-Commissioned Officer and man on the payment of their companies.

We would point out to the Commanding Officer that, although Army Regulations give him power to act in the manner stated, to do so is robbery under arms. No wonder the men in his battalion are grumbling!

Bad Meat.

If any corroboration were needed of our oft-repeated warnings regarding the amount of bad meat that comes into the country, it might be found in the fact that no less than 128½ tons were condemned by the sanitary officials of the City of London during five weeks of this year alone. If such an immense quantity was found in so short a period in one district only, it is evident that a huge amount must get through to the public. And what about tinned meat? And what about meat that becomes contaminated after it has been passed by the inspectors? There is perhaps more reason in the vegetarian cult than we had thought.

Tram and other Cars.

The Board of Trade propose to allow the cars of the Metropolitan Electric Tramways to travel at sixteen miles an hour instead of twelve, which is the present limit. That is all right, but what about districts where there is a ten-mile speed limit for motor-cars? Will they allow the trams to travel faster than motor-cars? One of the most curious things in this curious world is the sight of policemen with stop-watches carefully timing motors and ignoring tramcars which are travelling much faster. It would be interesting to see what would happen if a motorist drove on the tramlines in front of a tramcar, carefully keeping his speed down to the legal limit. Would he be summoned for obstruction?

Another Strike.

They say a strike is probable among the servants at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. It appears that a statue of the King was recently erected in the precincts of the College, and a rumour went round that some of the cadets intended to embellish it with a few decorations not contemplated by the sculptor. The College authorities were so aghast at the idea that they immediately gave orders to the servants to take it in turns to mount guard over the statue throughout the night. Considering that these men are ordinarily on duty fifteen hours a day, Commander Raikes can hardly have been surprised when about fifty of them waited upon him to find out what the dickens he meant. The men, knowing Commander Raikes, were probably not much surprised when he simply repeated his order. One man discharged himself, by way of protest, and the Commander dismissed a lot more. So a strike is brewing among the remainder.

Sweeps All.

A few days ago the Woodbridge justices surpassed all previous efforts to prove themselves unfitted to occupy the bench. A chimney-sweep—a sweep also in the more odious sense—was up before this squad of Shallows to answer to the charge of having caused the death of a dog by fastening it to the back of his cart and dragging it a distance of two miles, with the result that the wretched animal was horribly injured and died in agony. The charge was proved, and the sapient asses whose duty it was to mete out fitting punishment contented themselves with gently reproving the callous brute in the dock for his *carelessness*, and ordering him to pay the costs of the prosecution. We would like to see those same justices—and their brother sweep—tied to the tail of a cart and whipped through Woodbridge in the style of the good old days.

A Forgetful Curate.

The Rev. J. C. Johnstone, curate-in-charge at St. Chad's, Devonport, should have turned up the other day to conduct the funeral of a well-known local showman, but somehow he forgot all about it. The body had to be left in the church until the following morning, when the rev. gentleman appeared, explained that he lost his memory, and apologised. He is forgiven this time, but had better keep a diary in future.

Careers for the Sightless.

It would be easy to do for the blind what Dr. Campbell, himself a blind man, has done for them, amid infinite financial difficulties, at the College at Norwood. He has taught them to compete with sighted men and women in the markets for music, commerce, and industry; taught them to be fearless; to think not of how much they are handicapped, but of how little they are handicapped. The College is, in truth, a school in which men and women do without eyes things which many people cannot do with them. Not a man or woman who becomes blind, not a child born blind, ought, however, to be left to a precarious charity. The State should teach them and train them and buoy them in their struggle for a living. The blind beggar, fiddle-scraper, or Scripture-reader by the wayside is a disgrace to our nation—and a rebuke to its humanity.

A Plymouth Guardian's Exhibition.

The Plymouth Guardians have earned an unenviable reputation for noisy impropriety in their discussions. One of them in particular, a Mr. Govier, has now involved himself in a most reprehensible attack on the Master of the Workhouse. If Mr. Govier has anything to say about the administration of affairs in the Workhouse Infirmary, there are legitimate means by which he can do it; but he has no right to insult and browbeat an official in circumstances so informal as to raise a doubt whether he should have addressed himself to the official at all. One member of the Board, a respected clergyman, who has been a Guardian for a great many years, can stand the bear-garden no longer, and has resigned. Our Plymouth readers will agree with us that his censure on Mr. Govier has been thoroughly well earned.

Law—Justice.

Some time at the end of last year Mr. G. R. Browning, of Wilmington Square, London, was arrested, brought before one of the magistrates of Greenwich Police Court, remanded week after week, and finally committed to take his trial at the Sessions. Unable to find the bail demanded, he had to remain a month in Brixton Prison. When the case came on at the London Sessions on the evidence upon which he had been compelled to undergo all this disgrace, suffering, and loss, the Judge thought it so utterly rotten and contemptible that he refused to put it to the jury and discharged the prisoner. It is nobody's business to compensate him, though the prosecutors have taken away his character, the magistrate blundered in his law, the State kept him a month in gaol. Still, the Law puts its tongue in its cheek and says, "Every wrong has a remedy." Will some of the judges who are so fond of preaching sermons at other people be kind enough to state where it happens to be in this particular case?

Leicester Watch Committee.

Leicester Watch Committee has undoubtedly made a sorry exhibition of itself in regard to its acceptance of somebody's £1,784 tender for police clothing. According to the story told at a recent Council meeting, though the Committee sent out a deputation of two to scout London, Bristol, and Wigan at a cost (including etcs.) of £19 12s. 9d., to obtain reliable cloth for police uniforms, they eventually accepted a tender for a cloth which, under pressure of the hands of one of the members, tore "as if it had been made of paper." Judging by the opinions expressed at the meeting, it is now "up to" the Committee to reconsider their position, or one of these rather early days they will make the alarming discovery that half the Leicester Police Force has broken out of its trousers, and they will have to order the other half to arrest it for being on duty in unduly draughty garments.

The Confessional.

This is what Mr. Masterman, the great Financial Secretary to the Treasury, said in the House a few days ago on the vote of £47,000 for the Stationery Department: "The extra cost of paper is due to the increased price of paper. The cost of paper has gone up. We do not make running contracts, but make them as paper is needed from time to time. The rise in price has cost the Office something like £7,000 more than had been estimated." Oh, for a—however, we suppose the country gets the sort of business acumen it pays for; or is it that it pays for the business acumen it doesn't get? Fancy H.M.'s Stationery Office buying paper by the packet!

"Let's Talk of Graves, and Worms, and——"

The strike movement has now extended to Glasgow, where thirty gravediggers have "come out" to enforce a demand for shorter hours, higher wages, and six days' holiday a year. For our part, we don't care how short their hours are and how many days' holiday they get in the year. Probably this is also the opinion of the rest of the population. How the campaign will fare in Glasgow is not for us to say, however. "We have no union," one of the gentlemen discloses, "but it takes a practical hand to dig a comfortable grave. They're bringing in blacklegs, but I wouldn't be found dead in a grave they'd dig." If he said he would not be found alive there, his estimate of the standard of comfort would be better understood. As for blacklegs, it might no doubt be argued, with unassailable cogency, that if blacklegs are anywhere appropriate—but we are not in an argumentative mood. Indeed, let us say at once that of all people entitled to an increase of wages whenever they can get it, dustmen, sewermen, and gravediggers easily lead the great procession.

The Alien Farce.

Mr. McKenna put one of his permanent officials to the trouble the other day of finding out how many expulsion orders were made against convicted aliens in 1911. The number was 380, and Mr. McKenna told a member so in the House of Commons. But he did not say how many of the expelled ones promptly returned to this country. Perhaps he didn't know. We should say about 380. These expulsion orders are a standing joke among the aliens themselves, some of whom have been cheeky enough to tell the magistrates they would soon be back again. What a farce!

Atishoo!

The doctors are anxious to impress upon people suffering from colds that they should sneeze or cough into handkerchiefs, and even talk with handkerchiefs held in front of their mouths. We have usually found that polite people do hold handkerchiefs before their mouths when sneezing or coughing, if not when speaking. But the doctors declare that it is hopeless to attempt to prevent infection in crowded railway carriages, theatres, chapels, and schools. Why? The only reason we can think of is that the tramway authorities and railway companies persistently neglect to enforce their own bye-laws. The condition of the floors of tram-cars and third-class railway compartments at the end of a journey is frequently disgusting, and constitutes by far the most prolific source of infection. It will be time enough to talk through handkerchiefs when people have learned that it is filthy to spit.

Ibsen on Party.

"My gentleman has hit it there! A party is like a sausage-machine—it grinds all the brains together in one mash; and that's why we see nothing but porridge-heads and pulp-heads all around."—From "An Enemy of the People," Act V.

ENCOURAGING!

A reader sends us the following quotation from Arbuthnot: "John Bull was flattered by the lawyers that his suit would not last above a year, and that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business." We seem, however, to remember that our dear old namesake was deceived. But we shall do our best to avenge him.

SECRET "SIN"-EMATOGRAPHS.

Our recent articles have not only had the effect of closing the disreputable establishments in this country, but have also resulted in the seizure by the French police of a large quantity of obscene films, at the factory whose existence we indicated. We are not squeamish, but we really had to draw the line at some of these shows.

GOOD!

Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., says that whenever he sees "a good measure" he will support it, "irrespective of Party ties." But *will* he ever "see" a good measure—by the other side?

WEAR AND TEAR.

We do not know whether the Post Office is specially interested in our correspondence, but for some time the envelopes have been delivered somewhat the worse for wear and tear. When we wish them to be rent asunder we will duly inform the authorities.

NAUGHTY BOY.

The *Daily Chronicle* has found out the real explanation of South Manchester. It is Mr. Acland! It appears that this self-sufficient young statesman made two speeches in support of the Government candidate—and that did it. There may be something in the experiment. But for the *Chronicle!* We *are* getting on.

HIS AUGUST AND MOST SERENE HIGHNESS KING COAL.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

[*"Taking the Biscuit" has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For the following instruction, in a recipe for making "Scotch Bun Cake": "Grease the inside of a cake-tin, and line it neatly with the paste, reserving a piece of the TIN *for the top of the* CAKE,"

THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For publishing, under the heading "*CRIMES AND TRAGEDIES*": "*SIR GEORGE HEAD BARCLAY HAS BEEN APPOINTED BRITISH MINISTER AT BUCHAREST (ROUMANIA),"

THE WESTERN WEEKLY MERCURY
(Plymouth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Winter Rugs. LAST 14 DAYS,"
THE RUG AND CARPET CO. (Shipley, Yorks.)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "It appears that the QUICKEST FIVE FURLONGS *ever done was at Epsom on May 30th of last year by a plater, Levanger,* 55 MIN. 3-5 SEC.,"

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following injunction, in a circular apropos of a wood pigeon shoot: "Please see the Farmers and ANYONE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHOOT,"
MR. ERNEST P. CATTELL (Leek Wooton, Warwick)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing, in its issue of FEBRUARY 27TH, *the following paragraph: "Grand National. (Run Friday,* MARCH 29TH. *About 4 miles 856 yards.)*

100 to 8 agst Caubeen, t and o.
100 to 7 — Jenkinstown, t and o.

WON VERY EASILY BY THREE LENGTHS; A BAD THIRD,"
THE EVENING EXPRESS (Liverpool)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, apropos of the disorganisation of the railway service caused by the Coal Strike, that: "Later another train disgorged its teeming MILLIONS *upon the platform on the unlocked side, and they* ALL *surged into the* GUARD'S VAN *until there was no room for a pin to drop,"*

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, according to the "Mail" (Dublin), at a meeting of the Municipal Council of that city, in opposing the granting of a new lease of the Liffey Fishery, Island Bridge, that: "The CLAW *of the* SERPENT *had already been seen at Ringsend,"*

MR. LARKIN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a paragraph headed "The Latest in Guns," that: "The enormous power of this fighting machine can be imagined when it is stated that it can throw a projectile weighing 1,250 TONS *with a force sufficient to penetrate the heaviest armour, about* 12 *inches thick, at a distance of more than* EIGHT MILES,"

THE DAILY RECORD AND MAIL (Glasgow)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2s. 6d. *to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.*

Careers for the Sightless.

It would be easy to do for the blind what Dr. Campbell, himself a blind man, has done for them, amid infinite financial difficulties, at the College at Norwood. He has taught them to compete with sighted men and women in the markets for music, commerce, and industry; taught them to be fearless; to think not of how much they are handicapped, but of how little they are handicapped. The College is, in truth, a school in which men and women do without eyes things which many people cannot do with them. Not a man or woman who becomes blind, not a child born blind, ought, however, to be left to a precarious charity. The State should teach them and train them and buoy them in their struggle for a living. The blind beggar, fiddle-scraper, or Scripture-reader by the wayside is a disgrace to our nation—and a rebuke to its humanity.

A Plymouth Guardian's Exhibition.

The Plymouth Guardians have earned an unenviable reputation for noisy impropriety in their discussions. One of them in particular, a Mr. Govier, has now involved himself in a most reprehensible attack on the Master of the Workhouse. If Mr. Govier has anything to say about the administration of affairs in the Workhouse Infirmary, there are legitimate means by which he can do it; but he has no right to insult and browbeat an official in circumstances so informal as to raise a doubt whether he should have addressed himself to the official at all. One member of the Board, a respected clergyman, who has been a Guardian for a great many years, can stand the bear-garden no longer, and has resigned. Our Plymouth readers will agree with us that his censure on Mr. Govier has been thoroughly well earned.

Law—Justice.

Some time at the end of last year Mr. G. R. Browning, of Wilmington Square, London, was arrested, brought before one of the magistrates of Greenwich Police Court, remanded week after week, and finally committed to take his trial at the Sessions. Unable to find the bail demanded, he had to remain a month in Brixton Prison. When the case came on at the London Sessions on the evidence upon which he had been compelled to undergo all this disgrace, suffering, and loss, the Judge thought it so utterly rotten and contemptible that he refused to put it to the jury and discharged the prisoner. It is nobody's business to compensate him, though the prosecutors have taken away his character, the magistrate blundered in his law, the State kept him a month in gaol. Still, the Law puts its tongue in its cheek and says, "Every wrong has a remedy." Will some of the judges who are so fond of preaching sermons at other people be kind enough to state where it happens to be in this particular case?

Leicester Watch Committee.

Leicester Watch Committee has undoubtedly made a sorry exhibition of itself in regard to its acceptance of somebody's £1,784 tender for police clothing. According to the story told at a recent Council meeting, though the Committee sent out a deputation of two to scout London, Bristol, and Wigan at a cost (including etcs.) of £19 12s. 9d., to obtain reliable cloth for police uniforms, they eventually accepted a tender for a cloth which, under pressure of the hands of one of the members, tore "as if it had been made of paper." Judging by the opinions expressed at the meeting, it is now "up to" the Committee to reconsider their position, or one of these rather early days they will make the alarming discovery that half the Leicester Police Force has broken out of its trousers, and they will have to order the other half to arrest it for being on duty in unduly draughty garments.

The Confessional.

This is what Mr. Masterman, the great Financial Secretary to the Treasury, said in the House a few days ago on the vote of £47,000 for the Stationery Department: "The extra cost of paper is due to the increased price of paper. The cost of paper has gone up. We do not make running contracts, but make them as paper is needed from time to time. The rise in price has cost the Office something like £7,000 more than had been estimated." Oh, for a—however, we suppose the country gets the sort of business acumen it pays for; or is it that it pays for the business acumen it doesn't get? Fancy H.M.'s Stationery Office buying paper by the packet!

"Let's Talk of Graves, and Worms, and——"

The strike movement has now extended to Glasgow, where thirty gravediggers have "come out" to enforce a demand for shorter hours, higher wages, and six days' holiday a year. For our part, we don't care how short their hours are and how many days' holiday they get in the year. Probably this is also the opinion of the rest of the population. How the campaign will fare in Glasgow is not for us to say, however. "We have no union," one of the gentlemen discloses, "but it takes a practical hand to dig a comfortable grave. They're bringing in blacklegs, but I wouldn't be found dead in a grave they'd dig." If he said he would not be found alive there, his estimate of the standard of comfort would be better understood. As for blacklegs, it might no doubt be argued, with unassailable cogency, that if blacklegs are anywhere appropriate—but we are not in an argumentative mood. Indeed, let us say at once that of all people entitled to an increase of wages whenever they can get it, dustmen, sewermen, and gravediggers easily lead the great procession.

The Alien Farce.

Mr. McKenna put one of his permanent officials to the trouble the other day of finding out how many expulsion orders were made against convicted aliens in 1911. The number was 380, and Mr. McKenna told a member so in the House of Commons. But he did not say how many of the expelled ones promptly returned to this country. Perhaps he didn't know. We should say about 380. These expulsion orders are a standing joke among the aliens themselves, some of whom have been cheeky enough to tell the magistrates they would soon be back again. What a farce!

Atishoo!

The doctors are anxious to impress upon people suffering from colds that they should sneeze or cough into handkerchiefs, and even talk with handkerchiefs held in front of their mouths. We have usually found that polite people do hold handkerchiefs before their mouths when sneezing or coughing, if not when speaking. But the doctors declare that it is hopeless to attempt to prevent infection in crowded railway carriages, theatres, chapels, and schools. Why? The only reason we can think of is that the tramway authorities and railway companies persistently neglect to enforce their own bye-laws. The condition of the floors of tram-cars and third-class railway compartments at the end of a journey is frequently disgusting, and constitutes by far the most prolific source of infection. It will be time enough to talk through handkerchiefs when people have learned that it is filthy to spit.

Ibsen on Party.

"My gentleman has hit it there! A party is like a sausage-machine—it grinds all the brains together in one mash; and that's why we see nothing but porridge-heads and pulp-heads all around."—From "An Enemy of the People," Act V.

Encouraging!

A reader sends us the following quotation from Arbuthnot: "John Bull was flattered by the lawyers that his suit would not last above a year, and that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business." We seem, however, to remember that our dear old namesake was deceived. But we shall do our best to avenge him.

Secret "Sin"-ematographs.

Our recent articles have not only had the effect of closing the disreputable establishments in this country, but have also resulted in the seizure by the French police of a large quantity of obscene films, at the factory whose existence we indicated. We are not squeamish, but we really had to draw the line at some of these shows.

Good!

Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., says that whenever he sees "a good measure" he will support it, "irrespective of Party ties." But *will* he ever "see" a good measure—by the other side?

Wear and Tear.

We do not know whether the Post Office is specially interested in our correspondence, but for some time the envelopes have been delivered somewhat the worse for wear and tear. When we wish them to be rent asunder we will duly inform the authorities.

Naughty Boy.

The *Daily Chronicle* has found out the real explanation of South Manchester. It is Mr. Acland! It appears that this self-sufficient young statesman made two speeches in support of the Government candidate—and that did it. There may be something in the experiment. But for the *Chronicle!* We *are* getting on.

His August and Most Serene Highness King Coal.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

[*"Taking the Biscuit" has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For the following instruction, in a recipe for making "Scotch Bun Cake": "Grease the inside of a cake-tin, and line it neatly with the paste, reserving a piece of the TIN *for the top of the* CAKE,"

THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For publishing, under the heading "*CRIMES AND TRAGEDIES*": "*SIR GEORGE HEAD BARCLAY HAS BEEN APPOINTED BRITISH MINISTER AT BUCHAREST (ROUMANIA),"

THE WESTERN WEEKLY MERCURY
(Plymouth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Winter Rugs. LAST 14 DAYS,"
THE RUG AND CARPET CO. (Shipley, Yorks.)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "It appears that the QUICKEST FIVE FURLONGS *ever done was at Epsom on May 30th of last year by a plater, Levanger,* 55 MIN. 3-5 SEC.,"

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following injunction, in a circular apropos of a wood pigeon shoot: "Please see the Farmers and ANYONE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHOOT,"

MR. ERNEST P. CATTELL (Leek Wooton, Warwick)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing, in its issue of FEBRUARY 27TH, *the following paragraph: "Grand National. (Run Friday,* MARCH 29TH. *About 4 miles 856 yards.)*
100 to 8 agst Caubeen, t and o.
100 to 7 — Jenkinstown, t and o.
WON VERY EASILY BY THREE LENGTHS; A BAD THIRD,"

THE EVENING EXPRESS (Liverpool)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, apropos of the disorganisation of the railway service caused by the Coal Strike, that: "Later another train disgorged its teeming MILLIONS *upon the platform on the unlocked side, and they* ALL *surged into the* GUARD'S VAN *until there was no room for a pin to drop,"*

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, according to the "Mail" (Dublin), at a meeting of the Municipal Council of that city, in opposing the granting of a new lease of the Liffey Fishery, Island Bridge, that: "The CLAW *of the* SERPENT *had already been seen at Ringsend,"*

MR. LARKIN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a paragraph headed "The Latest in Guns," that: "The enormous power of this fighting machine can be imagined when it is stated that it can throw a projectile weighing 1,250 TONS *with a force sufficient to penetrate the heaviest armour, about* 12 *inches thick, at a distance of more than* EIGHT MILES,"

THE DAILY RECORD AND MAIL (Glasgow)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.

"THE ABODE OF LOVE."

SMYTH-PIGOTT AT BAY.

"SPOOFING" A CONTEMPORARY—PIGOTT AND OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER—THE TRUE POSITION OF AFFAIRS.

There is no doubt whatever that the Spaxton harem will soon transfer itself to other quarters—or disband; but the report of a "farewell address" by Smyth-Pigott to his dupes on February 29th, which has appeared in a weekly contemporary, is untrue from beginning to end. Its representative is supposed to have attended the service at which the address was delivered. Those familiar with the Agapemonites know this to be impossible. Outsiders are not permitted to enter the private chapel in any circumstance whatevet, whilst it is not likely that one of the "faithful" supplied the account. Moreover, the contributor shows gross ignorance of matters of fact. We quote from the article of March 3rd:—

> The "holy children" are, both of them, beautiful and interesting. "Glory" is now over nine years old, and the "Messiah" is passionately attached to her. She has a lovely head of golden curls, while her eyes are as blue as the summer skies after rain.

In September last a copy of the birth certificate of "Glory" was published in John Bull. In it it was clearly stated that "*Glory" is a boy!*

Then Pigott, as he appeared at the farewell service, is described as follows:—

> Tall, of good physique. Has the unmistakable air of a man of good breeding. His hair is black.

Now, as a matter of fact, Pigott's hair is quite grey, and far from having the air of a man of good breeding, he has just the opposite. Another point: all through the articles the "Messiah's" name is spelt "Smyth-Piggot," but it will be remembered that in the various official documents we have published he spells his name Pigott. The contemporary also speaks of "the two children of Sister Ruth." There are three children —"Glory," "Power," "Life." Having pointed out these inaccuracies, let us now come to the present situation.

Is Pigott Trying to Escape?

There is no doubt that the action taken on our initiative by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, which resulted in Pigott being "unfrocked," hit him very hard. The costs were heavy, and the finding of the money was the commencement of the trouble in the Ark. The next element of discontent was undoubtedly the introduction of Miss X., the charming little masseuse, into the Agapemone for a few days. Pigott was simply infatuated with this girl, and if she speaks the truth she received a considerable sum of money from him, in spite of his inability to make her a "spiritual bride." Her own story, as told in this journal, was that Pigott tried every means in his power to overcome her. Periodically since the publication of her story Miss X. has paid us a visit, and kept us posted in certain details. With the rumour of the impending close of the "Abode of Love," however, she suddenly disappeared from her address, and all efforts of our Special Commissioner to trace her have failed. Can it be possible that the impostor intended to fly from his stale females at Spaxton and join Miss X. abroad? It would hardly seem feasible that a man would trust a woman who had once exposed him as Miss X. did in these columns; but then Pigott is not a man of normal mind or habit. "Sister Ruth," in a special interview some time ago, gave us some startling revelations, yet she returned to the "Abode"—and had more children!

Knowing, then, the man and his abnormal temperament, and knowing the remarkable hold of Miss X. over him, it is quite possible that Pigott determined to seek her out and make one final effort. There is, indeed, reason to think that he got into communication with her and arranged a flight, but that at the last moment he found it impossible to get clear of Spaxton. For, as we have already explained, he has been under suspicion for some time past, his "brides" realising that their charms are not what they once were. That Miss X. has gone abroad admits of no doubt. Our Commissioner's assistant, who knows her well, has searched Christiania, where Pigott has another establishment, without finding her. He remains, however, to watch events, as there are various evidences that Pigott is expected.

Tired of Ruth.

It is clear that Pigott is tired of Sister Ruth, and that he is very uneasy at the present position in the Agapemone. Since the visit of Miss X., too, the other women have become extremely jealous, and quarrels and "scenes" are of frequent occurrence. At these times Pigott locks himself in his room, and sulks for hours.

Our Commissioner and Pigott.

Pigott rarely leaves the "Abode" for the outer world, but on the 6th March our Commissioner accompanied—or, rather, followed—him in a motor drive with his three children. "He looked very grey and haggard," says the Commissioner, "and had in his eye the look of a hunted animal. I endeavoured to get into conversation with him, but without success. Recognising me, he sounded his hooter loudly some time before reaching the Agapemone gates, which were opened immediately — he swung into them at ten miles an hour, and they were closed with a bang. In the village of Spaxton it is almost impossible to glean a scrap of information with reference to the 'Abode.' Pigott knows how to buy silence. Without disclosing my identity, I got into conversation with a farm labourer, and asked his opinion of the 'Messiah.' With a broad grin on his face, he replied, 'Aye, he be a foine man.' Then I questioned him about the 'Abode,' the inmates, and the disclosures of John Bull. All I could get from him was that Pigott was 'a foine man,' and that the Editor of John Bull was jealous of one of the inmates! He was most emphatic on this point, but was unable to identify the particular 'spiritual bride' whom the Editor coveted! Which goes to show the influence of Pigott in the district."

The End Approaching.

Our Commissioner concludes:—

> There can be no doubt that the days of the Spaxton "Abode" are numbered. Pigott has got hold of all the money and property of his dupes. He is tired of Ruth, and she, in turn, is wildly jealous of some of the other inmates. All of them, in turn again, are disturbed at the recent arrival of Miss X. on the scene; and, to crown all, it is known that the Home Office is carefully watching events with a view to action. The relatives of one deluded "spiritual bride" are also taking steps to recover the property she has transferred to Pigott—and in all his trouble he sorely misses his late secretary. An early flight —*or something worse*—may, therefore, be expected

THE BAKER CASE.

A WORD WITH THE UCKFIELD BENCH.

Taking up the points in our Open Letter to the Home Secretary in the case of George Baker, the innocent man convicted of poaching at Uckfield, and kept in prison long after his innocence was known, Mr. Cautley, M.P., has questioned the Home Secretary, who "in all the circumstances" declined to recommend the case for compensation. Apart from that, the right hon. gentleman puts up the defence that he could not release the man because he had no definite information enabling him to act sooner. The allegations of fact are thus referred back to the Uckfield magistrates and the police.

EXPLANATIONS WANTED.

There is no doubt that by the confession of two other men the magistrates and the police were aware, immediately the confession was made, of the presumptive innocence of Baker, whom they had sent to gaol. It was their obvious duty, therefore, to hold a special sitting of the Court to hear and determine the case against the men who had confessed. Not only did they not do this, but they did not even cause the man to be brought up at the next Petty Sessions. The Uckfield magistrates are advised by Mr. Thornton, their Clerk, and the case was in the hands of the Superintendent of Police. Failing an explanation, therefore, from the magistrates, their Clerk, or the Superintendent, we suggest that they should compensate Baker, jointly and severally, out of their own pockets. This man has been terribly wronged—wronged by a squint-eyed Justice, as Beck was—and, pay who will, he ought to be recompensed. It is a gross scandal of the law that such wrongs should be treated by those concerned in doing them as if they did not matter. The Home Secretary, the magistrates' Clerk, and the Superintendent of Police would expect the payment of their salaries if they were "off" for a week with the toothache, and they would be quick enough to raise a hullabaloo in the newspapers and in the House of Commons for compensation if they were convicted and kept in gaol on a charge of which they were as innocent as the Man in the Moon or the baby in the cradle. The fact of the matter is that any innocent man charged, convicted, and imprisoned in process of law ought to have the right of legal action for damages against the community represented by the State. The civil law does not permit a man to do to another a wrong assessable in damages, and then ride away without making compensation, on the plea that he did not intend to do it. It makes him pay for his blunders as well as for his deliberate acts of wrong, and this is not only justice, but common-sense. We advise Mr. Cautley to continue sifting the facts in this extremely hard case and do everything possible to get the Home Secretary to reconsider his decision. This failing, there should be a determined effort in the House of Commons to revise the law.

IS SOUTH AFRICA WORTH KEEPING?

GLOOMY REPORT FROM A BRITISHER.

A Johannesburg correspondent sends us a depressing account of the condition of affairs in South Africa :—

The opinion here is that the Christianising of the Kaffirs is a mistake, as they learn the white man's vices and none of his virtues. People here won't employ them, but prefer the raw nigger, who is a much better and harder worker, and is far more respectful, and does not steal like the so-called Christian Kaffir. I read in your paper lately this is the state of things in India. I say charity begins at home; there is plenty of scope for parsons in the British Isles. Improve "whites" at home, don't spoil "blacks" in Africa. The latter are getting cheekier every year, and the next war here will be with the blacks, and on a bigger scale than in 1906.

The outlook in South Africa is not promising for a Britisher. To sum it up, the Dutch rule the country; aliens employ the British—the latter do the menial work for Jews of various countries. There are wholesale dismissals of Britishers in the Civil Service (which includes the Railway) and incompetent Dutchmen take their places; also learning the "taal" is being forced on Britishers in every possible way, especially by General Hertzog. This city, particularly, is over-run with aliens; an Englishman hasn't a chance in his own country.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

CRUEL CRECHES FOR IRISH BABES.

From the many strongly-worded letters which reached us upon the publication of our startling revelations of the "Akbar" atrocities, we are sure our readers share our indignation at the scandalous and archaic system under which reformatory and industrial schools are permitted to be run with public money by private bodies for profit.

The foolishness and wickedness of this has been once more demonstrated by the brutal and fatal attack by several of the inmates of the Trim Industrial School upon one of the teachers, in respect of which a conviction for manslaughter has been recorded against some of the youths, two of whom, over sixteen years of age, being sentenced to three years' penal servitude, and their younger companions in crime to lighter punishments. Would it be believed that an establishment containing such desperate characters among its inmates also shelters infants of but four years of age?

Bad as is the condition of these schools in England such babes would not be accepted. It appears that in Ireland it is frequently the practice of many of the managers of industrial schools to disregard the purpose for which the institutions were established, by refusing to accept young people who have committed criminal offences, reserving the schools for the poor and deserted. The result of this evasion of the intention of the Act of Parliament is, as the Royal Commission reported in 1894, that "numbers of children who are proper subjects for these institutions are left on the streets as waifs and strays"—doubtless to develop, unchecked, into fine examples of the hooligan

NO FLIES ON EDGELLS.

GREENHOUSE MAKERS WHO ARE NOT SO GREEN.

Messrs. W. & A. Edgell, of Radstock, Somerset—who despite the addition to their names of the imposing letters, F.R.H.S., seem to be merely greenhouse builders—strike us as being somewhat dilatory in their methods. In July last a reader sent them £3 15s. for a greenhouse. He waited for it with astonishing patience for five months, when he saw a note in this paper regarding the people, and wrote asking for an explanation of the delay. The reply was an expression of regret for the trouble and annoyance, which was stated to be due to illness on the part of the principal, and an assurance that the greenhouse would be forwarded "next week," in good order. "Next week" and several other weeks came and went, but nothing arrived. A letter of remonstrance elicited the reply, dated November 28th, that the greenhouse had been despatched "a fortnight ago or more," and the suggestion that the purchaser should communicate with the railway authorities. After another wait of eleven days, the framework was received, minus the glass. A polite note pointing out this omission produced another apology, a statement that the matter would be put in order "this week," and an offer to give "a kennel or something" as recompense.

But from that day, although the customer has written several times, nothing more has been heard from Messrs. Edgell, and the greenhouse is still unable to fulfil its function, owing to the absence of the glass. Messrs. Edgell certainly do not need it to keep the flies off them.

A "GROUSE" FROM JUBBULPORE.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

It appears that on account of the excessive charges for groceries by the regimental contractor of the 2nd Cheshire, the men have turned "rusty," and commenced to cater for themselves. Here is an extract from Regimental Orders :—

> It having been brought to the notice of the Commanding Officer that tea is being made privately in Company Bungalows, he directs that this practice must at once cease, both as this is a distinct breach of faith with the Institute Contractor and on account of an order having previously been published that no cooking outside cook-houses was permissible. Any infraction of this rule in future will result in severe punishment to the offenders.

Poor Tommy! In time of war you "bleed for your country," and in time of peace your country "bleeds you."

IS THE GERMAN ARMY READY?

IS IT WHAT IT BELIEVES IT IS?

By George Carr.

"We Germans fear our God,
But no one on Earth do we fear."
(German Folk Song.)

The "War Lord of Europe" and His Army.

Is the German Army the invincible force it would have the world believe? The answer is probably in the negative. Germany is to-day puffed up with an overwhelming sense of self-importance, the result of long years of unbroken prosperity and another important factor—the praise and flattery which her great War Lord has never failed to shower upon her on any and every occasion.

The Great War Machine.

In the Franco-Prussian War, thanks to the colossal unpreparedness of her opponent, Germany succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Inflated by this initial success, she has for thirty years directed all her energies to the development of a vast military organisation, which she hoped would place her for all time in the foremost rank of world Powers. The result to-day is a mighty and complicated war machine, which is capable, in a few hours, of calling into being and mobilising an army perhaps numerically superior to any the world has known.

Intricate, delicate, this machine exists then, a monumental tribute to the German passion and genius for organisation. But what of the men? The strength or weakness of an army depends, according to the best authorities, not so much upon numerical superiority, but, within limits, upon the efficiency, *morale* and initiative of its individual units. It is perhaps in this connection that most striking points of contrast occur between the English Tommy and his Teutonic *confrère*.

Compulsory Service.

How does Max regard his military service? It is compulsory, remember; and whatever is compulsory is generally distasteful. In nine cases out of ten he looks with aversion and disgust upon the one, two or three years' service, and will in many instances go to extreme measures to avoid it. The reasons are not far to seek. Willy-nilly, at an age when his ambitions are just becoming fixed upon his trade, business or profession, he must give up all for the soldiering he detests. If resident abroad, he must return or lay himself open to far-reaching penalties.

Education and Compulsory Service.

The progress of education has aggravated this hatred of compulsory service, in spite of the fact that the possession of certain academic distinctions reduces it to a minimum. Thus, whilst a youth from the elementary school must serve three years, a scholar from the secondary school need serve but two years, and a man who has successfully passed through a University course serves for one year only. But even this one year is grudgingly given. The following is typical of what one hears every day at the University.

"How did you like your soldiering?" I asked young Dr. ——— one day at Heidelberg.

"Oh, I never did any," he returned airily. "You see, I was let off."

I raised my eyebrows in astonishment, for he appeared to be a perfect specimen of healthy manhood.

"Your eyesight?" I queried tentatively. "Too much grinding at books and midnight oil?"

"Oh, no," he returned jocularly, "it was this way. I was a keen footballer, and managed to 'crock' my knee. Oh, yes, got fit again; but, you see, a week before the medical examination for Military Service I played a jolly good game of football. Oh, no," he laughed, "a man with a knee like mine was no good for the Army . . . And I take my final examination for my professorship next week."

To handle a rifle a soldier must of necessity possess an index or trigger finger. At times the medical examination has revealed quite an extraordinary number of candidates lacking this digit. But one might amplify *ad nauseam* the list of means employed by candidates reluctant to serve their country at, for some at any rate, so great a personal cost.

The "Popular" German Army.

Is the Service popular? Listen to the merry-makings in yonder village. Young Schneider has just been excused Service, and is treating all his mates to Moselle wine on the strength of it. An unbroken vista of wage-earning years stretches before him. Can he not afford to be free with his cash? He will be able to marry the pretty Franzul in six months. Should they not rejoice at not having to postpone the wedding indefinitely? Is the Service popular? Ask the young University students, sons of affluent parents—ask them, from fat Herr Schulz, who never opens a book and will never need to earn a pfennig, to lean, cadaverous Herr Goll, who dreams of a distinguished medical career. It is always the same answer—an intense and bitter loathing for the years of soul-crushing discipline looming ahead of the liberty and freedom of the University life.

Officers and Men.

The commissioned officers are fixtures, and an endless stream of recruits pass before them for a brief period of training—in no case longer than three years. What follows? Officers never fully gain the confidence of their men, and there is no real trust on either side. Often the bitterest antagonism exists between them. In only too many cases this result is not to be marvelled at, when so many officers, as a consequence of the system governing their appointment, are little more than petty tyrants to their men, and posing, effeminate dandies to the public. How would this affect the *morale* of the German forces in case of actual warfare? Again one asks, "Is the German Army the invincible force it would have the world believe?"

A little time ago I witnessed some German regiments manœuvring. The youth and rawness of the men were undeniable. The evolutions were well performed, the exercises carried through with machine-like precision and exactitude; the men themselves looked bronzed and hardened with camping and marching, but notwithstanding, they created the impression of raw levies. To appreciate this fully, compare them with a tough, seasoned regiment of veteran "Tommies" returning from foreign service—with the Grenadier Guards as they swung along to Wellington Barracks after Kitchener's Egyptian campaign. Beside them, to the lay observer at least, the German troops appear comparable only to the less efficient of our own Territorials.

The Human Cog of the War Machine.

What of a regiment's traditions and the perfect understanding between men and officers, which only come into existence as the result of long and amicable relationship? Thomas Atkins is a "sticker," and given a definite post he will hold on grimly to the last gasp, but he has withal a native 'cuteness, sharpened by experience and tradition, which enables him, while still obeying orders, to use the narrow margin of discretion allowed him for his own preservation. Thus, whilst Max, mechanically obedient, robbed of his last vestige of initiative by cast-iron discipline, would phlegmatically stick to his designated spot of cover or trench in spite of a deadly fire, Tommy, when he finds his post becoming untenable, slips off to more advantageous cover, and obeys the spirit of his orders and survives as well. Again and again, the baneful effects of a too rigid system of discipline have been demonstrated, both in manœuvres and in warfare. Is the German soldier trained to become a thinking, intelligent being or a lifeless cog in a vast machine? Smoothly running, every wheel in its place, a piece of well-made mechanism is good to behold—but pitiable when a cog breaks or a belt slips. Is this great Teutonic War Machine the invincible weapon the Germans would have the world believe?

Has the Image Feet of Clay?

"We Germans fear our God,
But no one on Earth do we fear."

Throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland you will hear it hummed or shouted or sung, in every school, café, beer-cellar, barracks—everywhere; with a whole repertoire of folk songs full of the same self-flattering unction. Will they add yet one more to the number? Will they sing of their great War Lord of Europe? Again one asks, "Is the German Army the invincible force they would have the world believe? Is this great image all iron, or has it feet of clay?"

INCITING TROOPS TO MUTINY.

IS THE GAME WORTH THE CANDLE?

Anticipating the drafting of troops from Aldershot to the strike districts, a man named Crousley visited the military centre, and distributed to the soldiers copies of a leaflet of an alleged seditious character. He was promptly arrested. The leaflet bears no imprint, and is mild in comparison with a handbill issued by the Social Democratic Party some three years ago. How comes it, then, that Crousley is prosecuted while the more serious offenders are allowed to go free? Crousley simply delivered a few sheets—certainly not more than a hundred. The Social Democratic Party distributed over a hundred thousand. Every barracks in the Empire had a supply of the S.D.P. leaflet. Moreover, a special corps of voluntary workers went on autumn manœuvres and distributed them freely. Again we ask, why did the authorities fail to prosecute? Now let us supply the answer. *Because the authorities were in a blue funk!*

About the same time as this active propaganda amongst the troops was proceeding, a prominent member of the S.D.P. organised the out-of-work ex-soldiers. This gentleman, with over 2,000 starving and desperate men at his back, kept London in a state of turmoil for days. Haldane received him at the War Office. Here a threat was hurled at the War Secretary's head that if work was not found for these starving reservists the S.D.P. would teach the authorities a lesson they would remember. At least a dozen reporters were present at the interview. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a leading article, stated that such a scene could not have been enacted in any other country in the world. Did Haldane prosecute? Not a bit of it. Instead, Sir Edward Ward found work for all the men who formed the Committee of the movement.

A Disgusted Leader.

Haldane's interviewer, asked by us a few days ago what he thought of Crousley's work and the tuition of soldiers generally in revolutionary movements, said:—

> You may take it from me that it is all waste of time. Men serving with the colours are mere automatons. The Army system kills all initiative. They are not allowed to think. If they are told to shoot, they'll shoot, and what's more they'll shoot straight. Service men cannot be moulded into revolutionaries. Fifty per cent of the reservists are little better. I have had one try to proselytise a body of ex-soldiers. That was quite sufficient. Twenty policemen ordered 500 of my stalwarts to "move on," and they obeyed the command automatically. My eyes were opened.

The expressed opinion may be true, but what we have to realise is that this anti-militarist and class-hatred propaganda amongst the armed forces of the Crown is in its infancy. We are a conservative people, and there is much truth in the saying that "The climate of Great Britain is against revolution," but "education" is an important factor, and if the soldier is only taught long enough, and well enough, he may one day take aim at —the wrong target!

THE ARGENTINE WAY.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR ARMED STRIKERS.

From the newspaper a correspondent sends us, they have a way with them in Argentina. Just now there is a dockers' strike at Barracas. The other day a non-union labourer was at work when suddenly a man, "presumably a striker," whipped out his shooting iron, fired point blank at the labourer, and hit the wind. Hearing the sound of the battle, a *vigilante* came up and had a shot at the striker, but hit the wind also. Presently arrived a mounted policeman to help in the carnage. Probably if he had aimed at the wind he would have hit the striker. Apparently, however, he wasn't taking any chances, for he unsheathed his trusty blade "and with a swinging blow completely severed the head of his hapless victim, the body remaining standing for a fraction of a second while the head rolled a few yards away." The local *Standard* does not say what became of this ferocious executioner. Was he given an official engagement as carver at the Governor's residence?

"SYLVESTER—UNSOUND."

A SURPRISING DISCLAIMER.

We have had reason from time to time to comment in these columns upon a person named Thomas Montague Sylvester. In a recent issue we pointed out that he had transferred his enterprise to Canada. We definitely fixed him as the leading spirit of what is known as "The Hippodromes Proprietary Syndicate, Ltd.," which is a wild-cat scheme to provide music-halls for the Canadians. In the same issue we quoted from the Ottawa *Evening Journal* a statement that a Captain Montague Yates, of the "Canadian Hippodromes, Ltd.," was in the City inspecting sites for music-halls; and we asked "Can there be any connection between the Hippodromes Proprietary and the Canadian Hippodromes?"

In reply, Mr. Ernest W. Bassit, assistant secretary of the latter concern, writes from 49, Dover Street, Piccadilly, that "Mr. Montague Sylvester has no connection with such syndicate (Canadian Hippodromes), but that Captain Montague Yates, who has no identity with the latter except the accidental adoption of Montague by his sponsors, is so connected as being the agent of the Syndicate, who has been and still is engaged in the development of its Canadian affairs. Your notice has, therefore, been inspired upon inaccurate data in associating Mr. Sylvester with the Syndicate and its Canadian Agency."

We were very surprised to receive this disclaimer, as we have in our possession a copy of the *Kent Messenger*, dated as recently as February 17th, containing the following:—

NOTICE.

To Estate and Land Agents.

WANTED to PURCHASE SITE in HIGH STREET, Maidstone, must be free from all restrictions, suitable for a LARGE HOUSE of ENTERTAINMENT.

Apply, with all Particulars.

T. M. SYLVESTER,
Managing Director, Canadian Hippodromes, Ltd.
49, Dover Street, London, W.

We pause for another reply from Mr. Bassit.

DIVORCE BY INSTALMENTS.

ANOTHER POOR MAN'S EXPERIENCES.

A Liverpool reader, prompted by our article under the above heading, sends his experiences of the law's costliness. He encloses a copy of a bill of costs which, though he is but a working man, and was under the impression that he was obtaining a "pauper's or poor man's divorce," amounts, up to the *decree nisi* stage, to over £70. He has apparently misunderstood his solicitor, as the bill includes items such as counsel's fees, which would never be charged against a person suing *in forma pauperis*.

He says he was originally informed that the cost would be £30—and if he had known that it would be more than twice this he would not have endeavoured to obtain his freedom. It is now twenty-two months since the lodging of the petition, and during the whole of this period he has been paying instalments to his solicitor, having succeeded in that way in clearing £55 off the bill. As he naïvely puts it, "it has taken great scheming to do so." For the last ten weeks, however, he has not been working, and is afraid that he will be "county courted" for the balance of the costs.

The action was not a complicated one, as both the respondent and co-respondent signed confessions and put in no defence. Substituted service, by advertisements, had, however, to be made upon the latter, and in respect of this step alone £20 has been charged, though the petitioner understood that it would involve but a few pounds extra.

Our poor correspondent points out that, even if he gets work again, it will take him another two years to raise enough to carry the case to the *decree absolute* stage.

We think he should certainly have the bill taxed, should the solicitor refuse to reduce it. Scale charges are recoverable, failing a written agreement to the contrary.

The *decree absolute* should have been applied for six months after obtaining the *decree nisi*. It is not an expensive matter, as no Court fees are payable, the solicitor merely having to file a short affidavit, and his charge for this should not come to more than a guinea.

Oh, for the *Lay Lawyer*.

A "PRUDENTIAL" POTPOURRI.

BLUFFING THE SHAREHOLDERS—CAJOLING THE AGENTS—PACIFYING THE PRESS—OUR SUGGESTED MEETING.

This week we give a potpourri of Prudential pars.—just to show that we are not tampering with the administration of justice by endeavouring to prevent the Company's intervention in the affairs of the Editor!

First, we notice that there has been the annual meeting of shareholders, at which the Chairman, Mr. Dewey, took the opportunity of making his long deferred official pronouncement on the subject of our attacks. Tacitly he admitted our charge that much of the business of the Company's Industrial branch has been obtained by fraud and forgery. He denied, however, that the Directors in any way connived at such practice, and threatened dire retribution upon the head of any agent who departed from the strict path of virtue in the pursuit of his canvass. Upon this point we desire to ask:—(1) Whether it is not the fact that certain agents and others who have been convicted by the Courts of fraud and forgery have been retained in the service of the Company; and (2) whether the attention of the Chairman has been called to the admission of the Company's Solicitor, Mr. Pratt, in the recent "Contempt of Court" proceedings, that several actions have been settled out of Court by the payment of the full amount sued for and costs, where the claim was based upon fraud and forgery, with the allegation that the Directors had connived at it.

We suggest to Mr. Dewey that he should have looked at the shorthand notes of Mr. Pratt's evidence before making his speech. We also venture to point out that nothing was said as to the expenditure—amounting to many thousands of pounds—upon which the Company has embarked to vent its spite against this journal and its editor. Nor was any reference made to the remarkable article which appeared in our last issue—and which we feel quite sure the Chairman must have read—in reference to the infamous suggestions which Mr. Astbury, K.C., had been instructed to make in regard to *our* methods of business.

Cajoling the Agents.

We also hear of an interesting function at the Holborn Restaurant, at which the principal superintendents and agents of the Company were entertained prior to the general meeting of shareholders. We do not, however, suppose that the worthy Directors are aware that many of their guests availed themselves of the opportunity of giving us a call, thanking us for the lurid light we had thrown upon "Prudential" methods, and extending to us an expression of sympathy and indignation at the tactics of the Company.

Pacifying the Press.

We also observe with interest that a very considerable sum appears to have been expended in procuring Press publicity for the report of the proceedings—just as we have heard from time to time of veritable "shipping orders" being given to more or less obscure journals for copies of their issues containing "vindications" of the Company or vilifications of ourselves. Some day, perhaps, the shareholders will learn the total amount—including the return of premiums and the payment of costs—in which the Directors have involved them. We shall look with interest at the published accounts to discover under what heading the items are to be found, and perhaps this may not be the only question we shall address to the Directors after a careful consideration of the balance sheet.

Our Suggested Meeting.

We have referred above to the recent meeting of superintendents and agents and of shareholders. We now throw out to the Directors the suggestion that they should convene a monster meeting—say, in the Royal Albert Hall—of their policy-holders. We should be happy to attend such meeting and recapitulate charges of fraud, forgery, chicanery and sharp practice which we have levelled against the Company, and thus afford the Directors an opportunity of vindicating themselves face to face with their victims. They would find this a much less pleasant task than hobnobbing with their co-conspirators and confederates in the gigantic fraud upon which they are engaged, and out of which they are accumulating wealth at the expense of the thrifty poor.

Another Case.

The additional publicity which recent events has given to the methods of the Prudential have brought to our knowledge many more cases of irregularity—our informants in most instances being agents of the Company who are disgusted with its methods and determined to have no more to do with the business. These we are collating with a view to publication at an early date in a concise form. Meanwhile, we give below a typical illustration of the manner in which the Company acts when a refund of premiums paid upon fraudulent policies is demanded:

Some years ago, a Mrs. German was induced to take out two policies on the life of Mr. John Bally, of Ilfracombe, without first obtaining his consent and signature, but the lady was innocent of any wrongful intention. She was assured by the agent that everything was in order. Recently the facts came to her husband's notice, and he at once made a demand upon the Company for the return of the premiums. He wrote: "I must ask you to return to me the whole amount of the premiums paid, as your agent must have known at the time that he was drawing money on worthless policies and was deceiving my wife when he talked her over into taking out the second policy." Thereupon Mr. German received the ordinary formal notification that the Superintendent would call upon him. The Superintendent did call, and Mr. German says all he seemed anxious about was to get him to sign a number of papers and to obtain possession of the policies, in which, however he did not succeed. But as soon as the Superintendent got home he wrote as follows:—"I am instructed to inform you that we consider the above insurance perfectly *bona-fide*, and are prepared to meet our liability when it occurs provided that premiums be continued to that time." Then came the following assurance from the Joint Manager, Mr. A. C. Thompson:—"We have always regarded, and still regard, these insurances as *bona-fide*, and the Company will be prepared to meet its liability on the same when the time arrives provided they are kept in force. If (as would appear from this correspondence) these insurances come under the provision of the Insurance Act of 1909, we should be prepared to endorse the policies for the benefit of the policy-holder."

Now here we have the admission made once more in the most categorical way by the Joint Manager that in his opinion a policy taken out upon a forged signature is valid. Was ever such a contention put forward by a responsible business man? And what is to be said of the suggestion that the Act of 1909 covers such a transaction? The Act, of course, does nothing of the kind. What it does is to legalise certain policies taken out for the purpose of funeral expenses. It does not condone fraud and forgery.

A STIRLING SCANDAL.

GROSS INJUSTICE TO A POOR FAMILY.

BY OUR PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER.

We read in the railway company's guide books that Stirling is the key to the North, a "city set upon a hill and fair and beautiful to look upon." Well, so it is, from the railway; but let us enter the town itself and what do we find? The railway station is bad enough in all conscience, but while the Civic Fathers and the travelling fraternity are greatly concerned about it, I am more interested in the upper part of the town, where the poor are forced to live. Talk about hovels and slums—well, they are here in all truth! Start at No. 8, St. Mary's Wynd—a long, dark, and dirty close it is, foul-smelling, about 50 yards long and 3 feet broad, and 24 families residing there. Very appropriately, the first door in the close is the side door to a pawnshop, where, if you have time to wait, a few sights you will see. In one of the houses, the parents were in a dejected state, as their second eldest boy, 11 years of age, has been taken away and sent to an industrial school until he attains the age of 16 years. On enquiry, I found that the boy had been stopped as he was leaving school by the inspector for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was taken to the poor-house, brought before Sheriff Mitchell, and received the above sentence. Let us look into the evidence. Inspector Reid stated that the parents were of the regular vagrant class, and tramped up and down the country, making capital out of the boy's deformity; he was unable to read or write—his education having been "grossly neglected." The Inspector's evidence was "corroborated" by Bailie Raffan, who said that on a previous Sunday the boy had begged of him.

What I would like to ask Sheriff Mitchell is this: Why were no witnesses called to speak for the defence? Where were the parents? Why were they not cited to appear? The fact is, the parents did not know the boy was to be tried that day. No parents are ever cited at these cases. What does the Sheriff think of this Inspector's evidence, when I tell him that these people are not vagrants, that they have resided in Stirling since November, 1910, with the exception of a few weeks last summer, paying their rent regularly; that the boy had been in regular attendance at the Episcopal School, Stirling, since January, 1911, and that he *can read and write?* Why was the headmaster of the school not called? Where was the School Board officer, to testify to the boy's attendance, and why did the Clerk of the School Board, who was present, not contradict this misstatement? Truly a sad state of matters, requiring further investigation.

"THAT WICKED MR. LLOYD GEORGE!"

THE "SOUTHEND STANDARD'S" PECULIAR MISTAKES.

Under this heading, we published in our issue of March 2nd "A Speculative Builder's Lament"—an epistle from a person stranded with an estate worth £2,000, and faced with the request by his bankers to pay an over-draft of £800, though he could not find anyone willing to lend him money on mortgage. At the time of writing, he had the brokers in for rent and—as proved by the auctioneer's invoices which he forwarded—was disposing of his furniture to secure the necessaries of life.

He again writes us, enclosing a report of the hearing by the Southend borough magistrates of a summons against him for rates. He applied for, and was allowed, a further three weeks for payment, but the Chairman, Mr. J. H. Burrows, a prominent local politician, appears, from the report in his own paper, the *Southend Standard*, to have treated the defendant with scant courtesy in other respects, telling him that his explanation of inability to pay was "absolute nonsense," and that he would not sit on the Bench and listen to the statement that the unfortunate man was ruined. It is particularly regrettable that Mr. Burrows' organ should, by some slip, have altered the whole meaning of the defendant's remarks, making him refer to the crushing burden of the Land *Tax* instead of "Land *Act*"—this being his phrase for the new Budget taxes—and reporting him as having said that he had been obliged to sell his "property" (the inability to do which, of course, being the reason of his unpleasant position), instead of his furniture!

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLXXXV.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

A DISTRICT NURSE'S APPEAL FOR A PATIENT.

A District Nurse writes as follows:—

> A poor widow with two children is at the present time caretaker of some unoccupied flats. The youngest child is very ill, and the doctor has ordered it nourishment—as a matter of fact, that is all the child requires. The mother is unable to find this. I have done as much as I can personally, but I cannot afford more, and the woman will not go into the workhouse. The mother is a very good cook, but she is handicapped with the two children. Both the mother and children are very badly off for clothes.

Perhaps some of our readers can help.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLXXXII.—"Bridge," 2s. 6d.; A. L. M. (Genoa), 2s.; "Anonymous," 2s.; "Nugget," 2s. 6d.

CLXXXIII.—E. H., 2s.; G. E. U., 2s.; "Pretty Polly." 2s. 6d.; A. B., 5s.; "Sympathy," 1s.

CLXXXIV.—"M.," 3s.; "Chum," 2s.; "Essex," 2s. 6d.; B. W. B., 2s.; "Brighton," 2s. 6d.

Our readers will remember that some time ago we appealed on behalf of Frederick Proudfoot, a poor, legless young man, with the object of enabling him to procure a self-propelling chair in order that he might start selling tea for a living. We are pleased to say our readers generously responded, and their efforts were heartily seconded by the John Barnes Philanthropic Society, of 36, Hamfrith Road, Stratford, which equipped him with upwards of £6 worth of packets of tea. The result of his first week's operations is of a very hopeful character.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S DREAM.

One night a traveller dreamed a dream; and dreaming,
dreamed he died.
And straightway to the gate of Heaven, his sin-stained
spirit hied;
And there, before the saints he stood, with downcast head
and low.
"My record's very bad," he said, "I guess I'm bound below.
I've smoked a lot, and drunk a lot, confess it all I must,
And flirted too, and, what is more, Great Heavens, how
I've cussed!"
The good St. Peter looked at him, with kindly, smiling eyes.
He shook his head. "Don't ask," he said, "a mansion in the
skies.
But let me see, I think you said you are a traveller man?"
The sinner bowed, then in this strain the aged saint began:
"You've taken some gay merchant out and bought him
drinks galore;
And then he's calmly said he's bought his goods the day
before.—
You've had to dodge the closing days, the markets, and the
fairs;
You mostly went to bed each night, too tired to say your
prayers.
You've had your letters sent astray, your cases wandered
too,
With porters, clerks, and barrow-men you've been in a
constant stew.
You've had to live in bad hotels and eaten ill-cooked meals.
Been waited on by sloppy girls, all run down at the heels.
You've had to see all kinds of folk, and please 'em every
one.
And when you've interviewed your firm, they've said your
life's all fun.
Occasionally you saw your wife. Now tell me, is that so?"
"It is," replied the traveller, as he took his hat to go.
"Ah, well," said good St. Peter, opening the portal wide,
"We're very glad to meet you, just kindly step inside;
We'll try to make you happy, we'll do the best we can.
You've had your punishment on earth—you've been a
traveller man."

J. W. N.

THE COAL STRIKE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MINISTERS AGAIN "TAKEN BY SURPRISE."

By T. Good.

"There is no doubt that the Government were taken by surprise. They had not realised that the danger of the strike was so actual and so near, or they would have been better prepared for it. They would have had the case of both sides . . . already at their fingers' ends, and would have been ready to intervene with their suggestions thought out beforehand. It is evident that not a single member of the Government realised what was marching steadily upon them and upon the country until it was actually at the door."—*The Times'* leading article, March 5th.

After this—coming, as it does, upon the top of the railway strike "surprise"—John Bull's case for a Business Government will surely be unanswerable. The readers of this journal have been warned more than once during the last few months that a national coal strike was coming, and I can count more than twenty warnings of it that have appeared in the public Press during the last year from one pen alone; and it cannot be said that all those warnings were published in journals beneath the notice of Cabinet Ministers. Let me give one instance. On September 27th last, there appeared in one of the favourite organs of the Government, the *Daily News*, in a most prominent position, and with big headlines, a signed special article from which I quote the following:—"We are a great deal nearer a national coal strike on this question of a minimum wage than many people imagine, and it is worth while to explain some of the points in the problem." The cardinal points were carefully explained, and in answer to those who at that time were asserting that a national strike was out of the question, inasmuch as the coal trade was governed by county agreements made at different times, and terminating on different dates, rendering simultaneous action throughout the country impractical, it was said: "There is solid ground for the opinion that in the present temper of the miners no county agreements will stand in the way of sudden, simultaneous national action if the bulk of the men come to the conclusion that by such action they can gain anything." Some of the grievances were set out, and then it was boldly asserted that these "all combine to bring a national coal strike within immediate possibility." That, I repeat, was in the *Daily News*. A month earlier, on August 31st, to be exact, it was stated in *The Times* that "we are within measurable distance of a great national strike." In a dozen other journals of high repute the same warning was uttered. At least one of our leading commercial weeklies, the *Engineer*, has consistently for two years predicted the trouble. What, then, has the Government been doing all this time? What have all the well-paid officials at the Board of Trade been doing? What is the Government for? What is the Board of Trade for? What about the "Labour" Department, with all its ex-trade union secretaries? Above all, what do the Government's special "Labour Advisers" get their salaries for? After all the warnings, and with all their opportunities of gathering the facts—to say nothing of their duties in the matter—the spectacle of the whole bunch of them, Ministers, secretaries, and officials, ignorant of the problems in dispute, utterly unprepared for the crisis, and with no practical plan, policy, or proposal to offer when the crisis arrived is humiliating in the extreme.

How would the duffers shape in case of a German invasion, say? Oh, for that Business Government! And oh, for an intelligent democracy! When we get one we shall get the other.

The first number of the new penny weekly, *The Turf Guardian*, makes a welcome appearance. Following in the footsteps of this journal, it pays salutary attention to bookmakers by warning the public against those who conduct business on the "Heads I win, tails you lose" system. The new publication occupies the strong position of official organ of the Turf Guardian Society, a body which jealously closes its ranks against any but thoroughly respectable and trustworthy followers of the Turf.

"KILL THAT CAT!"

READERS' PROTESTS AGAINST PUSSY'S EXTERMINATION.

Last week we published an article by Mr. C. Howard Turner dealing with the question of the dissemination of disease by cats, and suggesting their extermination. Needless to say, we did not accept editorial responsibility for the writer's views, and we are not surprised that they should have called forth a veritable storm of indignation.

J. W. M. says:—"I should like to publish an article with the heading—'Kill that C. Howard Turner,' and (in the words of Artemus Ward) 'if he were mine, I would appoint his funeral for 12 o'clock to-morrow, and the corpse should be ready.' As well might he argue that because a hundred or so of idiotic females take to breaking plate glass, *all* females should be put under restraint, in order to prevent them doing likewise. I have lived for nigh upon seventy years, and that with my eyes open, and have kept cats and dogs for the greater part of that time, and no case of dissemination of disease has ever come under my personal notice or that of my friends, who also keep the animals, and the said animals have been cleaner and sweeter than many humans."

A. McA. is so angry with us that she has countermanded her order to her newsagent. If this meets her eye, we hope she will come back to us.

A. G. thought, when he saw the placard, that it related to the "human cats who destroy property." He thinks we might as well say, "Kill that horse" or "Kill that dog." But we won't.

G. T. goes one better and says that the author might just as well advocate the killing of human beings who spread disease. There is something in that.

E. D. H. considers the article "consummate twaddle," and is surprised that we should have "become a prey to the unscientific obsession of the germaniac." That is the nastiest name we have been called lately. We must pass it on to Mr. Astbury, K.C.

H. M. hits us on the raw. He is a cats' meat man, and he asks, "What is going to happen to poor old Adansi and Cripplegate when they die?" We had never thought of that. Poor old Adansi—to think there would be no pussies left to eat him!

E. H. B. takes up the cudgels for Pussy, and says that "if properly cared for and treated, she is a delightful companion." He regards "the septic cat as a myth." What about the pole cat?

Disgusted says:—"There is something wonderfully mysterious and inscrutable about the gaze of a cat," and asks, "Is there anything sweeter in nature than a kitten?" Yes, two kittens.

And many readers write "Kill that C. H. T." Not bad!

P. G. also has a poser. "What about the mice?" she asks. But she says nothing about the canary.

And then a host of others ask, "What about the cat on the cover of *Mrs. Bull?*" Whilst, as for Mary—well, we haven't been home since Thursday! But we shall venture back as soon as this issue appears—laden with blue ribbon, and bells, and mice and birds, and milk—and, possibly with a nice prime cut off Adansi's sirloin.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS.

BY OUR CANDID CRITIC.

Grim Justice.—Too many heavy sentences.
The Town of Crooked Ways.—Quite lost ourselves in it.
The Man Who Stroked Cats.—Written with much feline.
Clouds.—Somewhat heavy.
His First Offence.—The author's last, we hope.
Men and Dreams.—A somnolent work.
Stoneladies.—Very topical.
The Arrival of Antony.—Deserves a hearty welcome
The Coward.—A colourless work.
The Order of Release.—Gave us much pleasure.
The Debtor.—A well-writ'un book.
The Shadow of Power.—Lacks substance.
The Adjustment.—A well-balanced work.
The Juggernaut.—A weighty and depressing book
Maids' Money.—We put it down with regret.
The Reward of Virtue.—Nothing in it.
The Endless Journey.—Much too long.
The Children's Bread.—A stale theme.

"If Gamage were my partner"

HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS THERE.

A. W. Gamage.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress has been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, when to lay down new plant and when to retrench, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only a few days ago Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restauranteur; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times*; and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley Ltd., who has only this winter seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the "Business Encyclopædia" and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the "Business Encyclopædia." For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

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It is only because 50,000 firms and business men are already using the work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of JOHN BULL for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

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THE COAL STRIKE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MINISTERS AGAIN "TAKEN BY SURPRISE."

By T. Good.

"There is no doubt that the Government were taken by surprise. They had not realised that the danger of the strike was so actual and so near, or they would have been better prepared for it. They would have had the case of both sides . . . already at their fingers' ends, and would have been ready to intervene with their suggestions thought out beforehand. It is evident that not a single member of the Government realised what was marching steadily upon them and upon the country until it was actually at the door."—*The Times'* leading article, March 5th.

After this—coming, as it does, upon the top of the railway strike "surprise"—John Bull's case for a Business Government will surely be unanswerable. The readers of this journal have been warned more than once during the last few months that a national coal strike was coming, and I can count more than twenty warnings of it that have appeared in the public Press during the last year from one pen alone; and it cannot be said that all those warnings were published in journals beneath the notice of Cabinet Ministers. Let me give one instance. On September 27th last, there appeared in one of the favourite organs of the Government, the *Daily News*, in a most prominent position, and with big headlines, a signed special article from which I quote the following:—"We are a great deal nearer a national coal strike on this question of a minimum wage than many people imagine, and it is worth while to explain some of the points in the problem." The cardinal points were carefully explained, and in answer to those who at that time were asserting that a national strike was out of the question, inasmuch as the coal trade was governed by county agreements made at different times, and terminating on different dates, rendering simultaneous action throughout the country impractical, it was said: "There is solid ground for the opinion that in the present temper of the miners no county agreements will stand in the way of sudden, simultaneous national action if the bulk of the men come to the conclusion that by such action they can gain anything." Some of the grievances were set out, and then it was boldly asserted that these "all combine to bring a national coal strike within immediate possibility." That, I repeat, was in the *Daily News*. A month earlier, on August 31st, to be exact, it was stated in *The Times* that "we are within measurable distance of a great national strike." In a dozen other journals of high repute the same warning was uttered. At least one of our leading commercial weeklies, the *Engineer*, has consistently for two years predicted the trouble. What, then, has the Government been doing all this time? What have all the well-paid officials at the Board of Trade been doing? What is the Government for? What is the Board of Trade for? What about the "Labour" Department, with all its ex-trade union secretaries? Above all, what do the Government's special "Labour Advisers" get their salaries for? After all the warnings, and with all their opportunities of gathering the facts—to say nothing of their duties in the matter—the spectacle of the whole bunch of them, Ministers, secretaries, and officials, ignorant of the problems in dispute, utterly unprepared for the crisis, and with no practical plan, policy, or proposal to offer when the crisis arrived is humiliating in the extreme.

How would the duffers shape in case of a German invasion, say? Oh, for that Business Government! And oh, for an intelligent democracy! When we get one we shall get the other.

The first number of the new penny weekly, *The Turf Guardian*, makes a welcome appearance. Following in the footsteps of this journal, it pays salutary attention to bookmakers by warning the public against those who conduct business on the "Heads I win, tails you lose" system. The new publication occupies the strong position of official organ of the Turf Guardian Society, a body which jealously closes its ranks against any but thoroughly respectable and trustworthy followers of the Turf.

"KILL THAT CAT!"

READERS' PROTESTS AGAINST PUSSY'S EXTERMINATION.

Last week we published an article by Mr. C. Howard Turner dealing with the question of the dissemination of disease by cats, and suggesting their extermination. Needless to say, we did not accept editorial responsibility for the writer's views, and we are not surprised that they should have called forth a veritable storm of indignation.

J. W. M. says:—"I should like to publish an article with the heading—'Kill that C. Howard Turner,' and (in the words of Artemus Ward) 'if he were mine, I would appoint his funeral for 12 o'clock to-morrow, and the corpse should be ready.' As well might he argue that because a hundred or so of idiotic females take to breaking plate glass, *all* females should be put under restraint, in order to prevent them doing likewise. I have lived for nigh upon seventy years, and that with my eyes open, and have kept cats and dogs for the greater part of that time, and no case of dissemination of disease has ever come under my personal notice or that of my friends, who also keep the animals, and the said animals have been cleaner and sweeter than many humans."

A. McA. is so angry with us that she has countermanded her order to her newsagent. If this meets her eye, we hope she will come back to us.

A. G. thought, when he saw the placard, that it related to the "human cats who destroy property." He thinks we might as well say, "Kill that horse" or "Kill that dog." But we won't.

G. T. goes one better and says that the author might just as well advocate the killing of human beings who spread disease. There is something in that.

E. D. H. considers the article "consummate twaddle," and is surprised that we should have "become a prey to the unscientific obsession of the germaniac." That is the nastiest name we have been called lately. We must pass it on to Mr. Astbury, K.C.

H. M. hits us on the raw. He is a cats' meat man, and he asks, "What is going to happen to poor old Adansi and Cripplegate when they die?" We had never thought of that. Poor old Adansi—to think there would be no pussies left to eat him!

E. H. B. takes up the cudgels for Pussy, and says that "if properly cared for and treated, she is a delightful companion." He regards "the septic cat as a myth." What about the pole cat?

Disgusted says:—"There is something wonderfully mysterious and inscrutable about the gaze of a cat," and asks, "Is there anything sweeter in nature than a kitten?" Yes, two kittens.

And many readers write "Kill that C. H. T." Not bad!

P. G. also has a poser. "What about the mice?" she asks. But she says nothing about the canary.

And then a host of others ask, "What about the cat on the cover of *Mrs. Bull?*" Whilst, as for Mary—well, we haven't been home since Thursday! But we shall venture back as soon as this issue appears—laden with blue ribbon, and bells, and mice and birds, and milk—and, possibly with a nice prime cut off Adansi's sirloin.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS.

BY OUR CANDID CRITIC.

Grim Justice.—Too many heavy sentences.
The Town of Crooked Ways.—Quite lost ourselves in it.
The Man Who Stroked Cats.—Written with much feline.
Clouds.—Somewhat heavy.
His First Offence.—The author's last, we hope.
Men and Dreams.—A somnolent work.
Stoneladies.—Very topical.
The Arrival of Antony.—Deserves a hearty welcome
The Coward.—A colourless work.
The Order of Release.—Gave us much pleasure.
The Debtor.—A well-writ'un book.
The Shadow of Power.—Lacks substance.
The Adjustment.—A well-balanced work.
The Juggernaut.—A weighty and depressing book
Maids' Money.—We put it down with regret.
The Reward of Virtue.—Nothing in it.
The Endless Journey.—Much too long.
The Children's Bread.—A stale theme.

"If Gamage were my partner"

HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS THERE.

A. W. Gamage.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress has been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, when to lay down new plant and when to retrench, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only a few days ago Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restauranteur; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times*; and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley Ltd., who has only this winter seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

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THINGS THAT MATTER.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

By Norman Tiptaft.

[*Mr. Tiptaft deals with the new order of things which, in his view, must emerge from the present social revolution, and indicates some of the causes of the existing unrest.*]

We are an easy-going, inoffensive, conservative people, and we do most strongly object to being compelled to overhaul our accepted ideas and to substitute for them something entirely different and new. Our attitude to every demand for change is that of the Prime Minister who, when his colleagues demanded the reform of a somewhat troublesome grievance, said, "Can't you leave it alone?" That is typically British.

Sometimes, however, occasions arise when things *can* no longer be left alone, and then, however much we may grumble, we are bound to *do something*.

Such an occasion presents itself to-day. A few months ago it was a hundred thousand railway workers who were disaffected. To-day it is a million colliers. To-morrow it may be———. Who knows? Every trade is alike. That is the problem that will force the people of this country to cut themselves adrift from their old notion as to how society should be constituted, and to make it anew. It matters nothing that the change according to some authorities portends the break-up of the Empire, while to others it is but the herald of the dawn. Whatever the varying opinions may be—for good or evil—the change must come. There have, of course, in the past been labour troubles—from the time that Wat Tyler led the Peasants' revolt to the discontent in the South Wales coalfield. Since 1906 there have been strikes and lock-outs of varying size and varying result, although in the majority of cases the victory has rested with the employers, while even in the cases where the workers were victorious the advantage gained has often failed to compensate for the loss of wages during the time of the dispute.

But now things stand on a somewhat different footing, and the labour battles of the future will not be small sectional disputes involving a few hundred masters and a few thousand men, the while the vast majority of the country's industry passes peacefully by on the other side; but war—actual *war*—between the whole of organised labour on the one hand, and the whole of organised capitalism on the other.

Who would have dreamed a year ago of a railway strike involving a hundred thousand men? But who even at the time of the railway strike thought that a few months would bring us a coal strike of a million! Only John Bull! Yet, even that is small to what will easily become possible during the next few years—perhaps (so fast is the idea spreading) during the next few months. Imagine for one moment a coal strike plus a railway strike, plus a postal officials' strike, plus a municipal employés' strike, *plus a strike of the army and navy*. It is not at all inconceivable. *It is not even, under certain circumstances, improbable.*

I need not picture the state of chaos to which affairs of the country would be reduced. With the memory of the railway strike fresh in our minds, and with the object lesson of the coal strike before us, strikes on a still larger scale can be readily imagined. *While there is time* it is the business of the ordinary man—who, of course, pays for all these things—to find out the *cause* of the trouble and to insist that that *cause* shall as far as possible be removed.

For it is the cause that must be removed. It is a foolish business to wait until the trouble has commenced and then try to *cure* it; the sound policy is to remove the *causes* and so prevent the trouble taking place.

The prime *cause* of the trouble is not so much the advance in prices and therefore the decline in *real* wages, the miserable conditions under which the bulk of the labouring classes of this country live, the general "cussedness" of the working man, nor even the growing demand for luxury and amusement which some good people tell us is the most perilous sign of the age. These things are contributing causes, and must be removed, but they are not the *root cause* of the trouble: We have had bad wages for workers, high prices, miserable conditions, and all the other things that go with them, for untold years, yet never was there such a state of unrest, *plus a capacity on the part of organised labour to enforce its demands, as there is to-day.*

And the cause is forty years of education of the workers. That has done more than anything else to bring about the present *impasse*. Obviously it is as impossible as it is undesirable to take away that education from them, and yet, given that education, there can be nothing but wars and rumours of wars until their legitimate demands are satisfied. Failing, then, the removal of education, the only remedy society has is to still further educate and elevate those on whom it has, in the past, looked down, so that they may become fitted for the position they undoubtedly mean to obtain.

The revolts of the past—what were they? They were like the fights of the native African with his bow and arrow against the modern machine gun of the white man—he stood no chance. The uneducated worker of by-gone years, the dumb illiterate giant of labour, had neither the means nor the capacity to organise himself. To-day he has both. The telegraph, the railway train, the newspaper, the free library and scores of our other modern innovations are as much at his service as at his master's, and the difference that that makes is enormous. In addition to the merely material weapons of his warfare, his ideal is a far different one from his predecessor's. He does not accept the dictum that his master *should be his master*. He sees—not of course clearly yet, but with a far clearer vision than he did—that it is not the employing class that maintains him, but *he who maintains the employing class*, and with that knowledge he asks the question of society—"Why should I, who do the work, live in poverty and misery, while those who do *not* work live in luxury?"

Society attempts in vain to give him a satisfactory answer. The Church preaches of the blessedness of poverty—he declines to go and hear it. The liquor traffic tries to stupefy his senses—he becomes more temperate year by year. The capitalist press and the capitalist political parties offer him doles of various descriptions—his answer is to send 40 Labour Members to Parliament. His Members of Parliament not always being as insistent on his demands as he thinks they ought to be, he organises a series of strikes unprecedented in industrial history.

It is idle, it is useless, of society to fail to recognise these things. *The workers know what they want;* they are educated and organised; they are *stronger* than all the forces of capitalism, and permanent peace can therefore be obtained only by so reorganising our existing institutions, customs, and laws as to give to the workers a fair and equitable equivalent for the wealth that they produce.

* * *

I know perfectly well that the manual workers are *not* on a level intellectually with Oxford and Cambridge—*on certain lines by which we measure intellect.* Neither would the residents of our Universities be on a level with the workers, as *they* measure intellect, if set to hew coal or drive a railway engine or build a battleship. Doubtless each kind of intellect is necessary to a properly organised state. But if *each* be *necessary*, it is not right that the possessor of one kind should be destined to luxurious ease while the other exists in abject want. We must get it out of our heads that the man who wears a high collar and a top hat is *superior* to the man who wears corduroys and a cap. He is *not*. He may be more ornamental, nicer spoken, more refined in his manner, more agreeable in his company—may even have higher ideals and see more glorious visions than his brother of the corduroys and the cap, but *superior* he is *not*.

* * *

There will be many of those who live delicately, who read the fashionable papers, who live in the fashionable houses, who go for holidays to the fashionable resorts—who have, in short, all that the possession of wealth can give them—who will be furious at the idea of sharing that wealth with these others. They will use every artifice they can—force, cunning, murder, charity and everything else—to put off such a consummation. They might as well save their energy. It is part of the law of evolution and as certain as the stars in their courses.

I do not for one moment suggest that you can ever make all men equal—such an idea is impossible and absurd—but it *is possible* by organisation to do away with the senseless extravagance at one end of the scale and the horrible destitution at the other. The process of organisation may be slow, may be delayed, but only when such organisation is *complete* shall we again have industrial peace.

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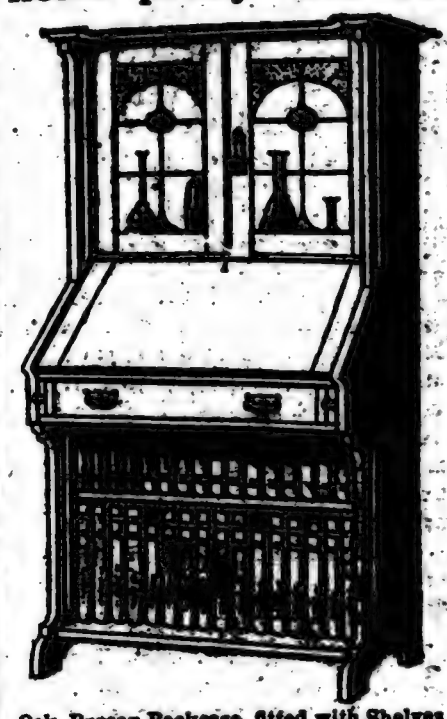

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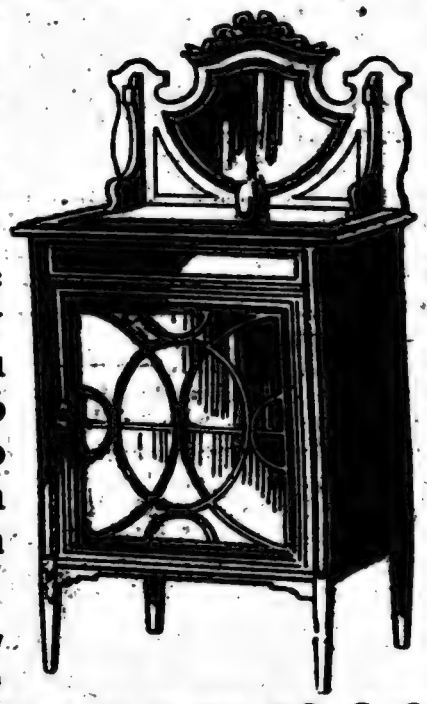

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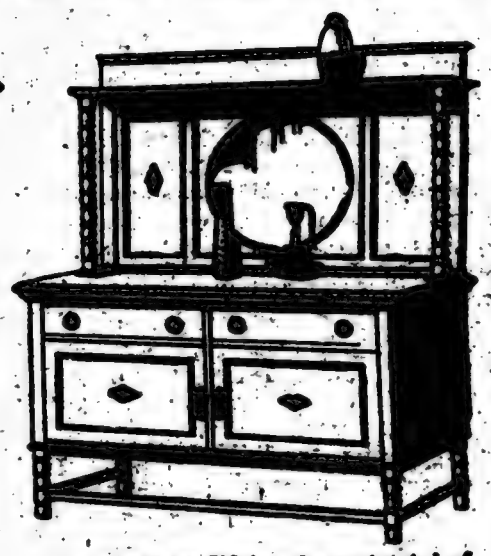

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Mr. Justice Lush, High Court of Justice, London.

Dear My Lord,—I perceive you have retained the papers in the case in which a jury gave a verdict for £100 damages against Police Constable Stabb, of the Paddington Division of the Metropolitan Police. Nobody can reasonably doubt that the constable inflicted a grossly illegal outrage upon the plaintiff, and that he buttressed it in court with false evidence. Not only all the witnesses but all the circumstances were against the man's statements. As you rightly said, and as the jury rightly declared by their verdict, the case is undoubtedly a serious one, and it is not made the less serious by the fact that the defendant brought another constable to corroborate his evidence. Corroboration by one policeman of another's false statements is not a particularly rare phenomenon, but it is a startling one, all the same; and I assume that your lordship is considering whether the conduct of Police Constable Stabb and his witness justifies criminal indictment. However that may be, I submit that P.C. Stabb is unfit to be longer entrusted with the responsible duties of a police constable.

John Bull.

To the Chairman, Town Council, Haverfordwest.

Mr. Chairman,—Reading the proceedings at the last meeting of the Council, I am very much concerned for the health of the members. Has anything gone awry with their cerebral machinery? The reason of my inquiry is that, on the motion of a Mr. Thomas, they decided not to let any corporation property for cinematograph shows for more than one month in every three, the reason given being that "money was spent at these shows which many young people can ill afford," that "the tolls were on the downgrade, and the Council should encourage the lessee," that the shows are taking money which ought to be taken by the shopkeepers, and that "people must not be exposed to temptation." I have never known a more grotesque resolution passed by a public body, and I shall presently expect to see the Council similarly boycotting concerts, bazaars, love feasts, dramatic performances, pianoforte recitals, lectures, and other social distractions, in order that the community may be compelled to spend its spare cash on fried fish, hanks of tape, new trousers, chapel collections and ginger-pop. For goodness' sake call in a doctor.

John Bull.

To Superintendent Ruddick and Detective-Inspector Marshall, Sunderland.

"Good" Sirs,—Who do you think you are? What country do you think you live in? Let me tell you, first, that you are not—either of you, or the two rolled into one—the Czar, and, secondly, that this is not Russia. Just imagine carting off upwards of a hundred respectable inhabitants of the town in "Black Marias" because you found them in a picture show place—to which admission was free—where such infamies as peeping at pictures and "looping the loop" (said to be a game of chance) were going on! The pictures were held by the magistrates not to be indecent, but they were satisfied that some youngsters had been gaming with halfpennies! And on this flimsy foundation you inflicted a monstrous indignity upon those hundred persons, and a gross insult upon the town. Could not you have taken the names and addresses of the "culprits"? Are you so very hard up for a job that in your zeal you should have made Sunderland the laughing stock of the country? One thing at least you have done—and that is to give us all an object-lesson in what we may expect when, under the benign care of a grandmotherly Government, the police are entrusted with the care of our morals, as well as of our property and our lives. I wonder what books *you* will allow the Sunderland people to read when Mr. McKenna's Indecent Literature Bill becomes law!

John Bull.

To the Taxi Arbitrators.

Gentlemen,—Congratulations on prompt and business-like way in which you have dealt with the taxi trouble. Your decision is just, and you have set an example to those who are endeavouring to make peace with the miners.

John Bull.

To the Rev. J. Ash Parsons, St. Anne-on-Sea.

Rev. Brother,—I notice that in the course of a recent address to the members of the A.B.C.—sounds like a bun-and-milk company—you stated that for three years you were at Newmarket, and were prepared to give a safe tip for a winner in any race for 1912. Please send me by return of post winners for the Derby, St. Leger, 2,000 Guineas, Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. I have been waiting for years to meet a man like you. Of course I will build you a nice new chapel, with red velvet cushions, immediately I have collected the winnings.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Father Vaughan, New York.

Dear Father Vaughan,—Until I learned the other day that you were in New York I was unable satisfactorily to explain to myself what had become of you, not having seen your name in the papers for several weeks. Now I have discovered your whereabouts, I must tell you of what has happened to a certain pictorial postcard illustrative of the neglect of duty denounced by the Bishop of London, the ex-Bishop of Ripon, several dismal deans, and yourself, concerning the Empty Cradle. I received news from Eastbourne that the police there have compelled the withdrawal of a postcard, displayed in the shop windows of the town, depicting an empty cradle, underneath which appear the words, "It's empty at present, but we are doing our best." As this is what all the Bishops and yourself unite in urging duly authorised people to do, may I venture to suggest that you write to the Chief Constable of Eastbourne, protesting against his action as an unjustifiable discouragement of the citizens' duty to the State?

John Bull.

Captain Roald Amundsen, Hobart, Tasmania.

Dear Discoverer,—Thank Heaven the South Pole has been found at last, and thrice thanks that it cannot be "discovered" again! Since the disgraceful Cook-Peary affair, most people must have heartily wished the earth was flat. What use is it to discover the Pole, North or South? Has anyone noticed any difference since Peary planted a flag on those Arctic wastes? Has the weather improved, or have the hopes of Heaven been brought any nearer? The only comforting feature of these expeditions is that, now that the Union Jack or the Norwegian flag, or both (the matter still seems to be in doubt), has been hauled up the South Pole, people may turn their attention to the duties on their doorsteps. They are urgent enough, in all conscience. Still, congratulations all the same.

John Bull.

To J. L. Martin, Esq., Coroner, Reading, Berks.

My Dear J. L.,—I feel that I must not delay my congratulations on your appointment as coroner for Reading. As one of our great men has remarked, peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. This is one of them, as brilliant as it is decisive, "and no damned merit about it," if I may venture to quote to you what "Pam" or somebody else said when he presented somebody with the Order of the Garter. Now you probably realise more than ever what a glorious thing it is to have a father; especially a father who is Mayor.

John Bull.

Chairman Free Church Council, Leeds.

Just received news you are petitioning City Council to withdraw liquor advertisements from trams and tram tickets. Do you propose advertise Pauline text tramcars instead: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake"?

Bull.

Editor, "Daily Chronicle."

Observe with interest that you have commenced the publication of the betting odds on racing. Are you preparing to take the place of the *Morning Leader* and the *Star* when those journals are completely Cadburyised? Like most Puritans, you have an eye for the main chance.

Bull.

Asquith, Downing Street.

What with coal and what with Manchester, it's a black look-out, isn't it?

Bull.

Christabel Pankhurst.

Why don't you come out of your hiding-place and face the music—*like a man?*

Bull.

AND SO SAY ALL OF US!

JOHN BULL: "When will they come to Business?"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The disastrous coal strike is still with us, causing heavy losses in other trades and untold misery to those thrown out of employment thereby. But the end is not far off, and the Stock Exchange is already bracing up in anticipation. Apart from Mexican securities, notably Rails, which are adversely affected by the revolutionary movement, the markets are mostly better. The boom in Nigerian Tin shares has set South African and Copper Mines going. Marconis are heading another rise in specialties, and even Home Rails are comparatively steady, while rubber and oil shares are on the up-grade. With the end of the quarter, moreover, money will become very easy, so that prospects are excellent if only the labour trouble is settled. April should, barring accidents, bring active and important business.

A Mining Revival.—Kaffirs and Rhodesians Show the Way—Jungles in Favour—Coppers Prominent—The Cheapness of Daggafontеins.

Unless all the indications are wrong, the revival which has just commenced in the mining market should make permanent headway. As far as the Kaffir Circus is concerned, a leading Paris bank is said to be at the back of the movement, which has been facilitated by the prevailing shortage of floating stock, and by the fact that large Bear commitments are in existence. *Central Mining* have thereupon risen to 9⅝, *Crown Mines* to 6¼, *Rand Mines* to 6⅛, *Modderfontein* to 11, and so on. The February gold output of the Transvaal shows a reduction of only 33,000 ozs., while the two working days less would work out to 42,000 ozs. less than January; and the labour position is improving. As regards the latter, a movement is gaining ground in the Transvaal for the re-introduction of Chinese indentured labour as the best means of overcoming the labour problem. I have received several enquiries for a really cheap low-priced Kaffir share, and on looking round I find that the very cheapest I can name, which yet belongs to a company that owns a valuable mine, is *Daggafontein Gold Mines*, which stand just now at ⅛ to ¼ for the £1 share. The company has struck the Witwatersrand Reef series in boreholes, and is now shaft-sinking, a shaft having been successfully sunk to a depth of 827 feet. The borehole assays were excellent, and I know of no more promising lock-up, as the shares have been as high as 1½ when matters were not so far as at present. The Rhodesian market also presents great possibilities, after the severe shake-out, for the future, and anyone buying, for instance, Chartered at 26s. 9d., should do well. The striking of the reef at the ninth level in the *Eldorado Banket* again gives proof of the permanence of the lodes at depth in the leading mines. These shares, together with *Goldfields Rhodesian Development* at 1 19-32, are practically the pick of the bunch. The Jungle market is also bracing up. The *Ashanti Goldfields'* February output was of the estimated value of £39,429, while the January profit was £15,963, the latter having been affected by an increase in cost per ton, arising from repairs to plant, etc. A share which is still very cheap, although now rising at 4s. 4½d. bid, is *Rhodesia and Ashanti*, on whose Dadioso Concession enormous old native workings have now been discovered, about which the secret had hitherto been carefully kept by the natives. This is considered a most important discovery. These shares have ere this stood at 14s., and are now being very influentially bought.

Nigerian Mines still in the First Rank—Coppers Strong—Northern Ontario Active.

The remarkable speculative movement which has developed in *Nigerian Tin* shares continues, and although the upward movement is interrupted now and then by profit-taking, prices invariably go ahead again. The most active shares are still *Anglo-Continental*, now 4⅜, after touching 4¾, *Rayfield Syndicate* at 8, *Naraguta* at 2⅛, *Champion Reefs* at 1¾, and *Lucky Chance* at ¾. The subsidiary company of the two last-named, the *Bernida*, has an area of 1,200 acres, and the capital is £85,000, of which £50,000 is working capital. The £1 shares are expected to be at once quoted at 1⅜, as the property is most valuable, and the available shares will no doubt be taken up by the shareholders in the above two companies. *Naraguta Extended* at one time rose to 1¼, on the favourable statements made at the meeting of shareholders, at which more especially the statements about the production attracted most attention. This company has 26 tons shipped and 26 tons ready for shipment, together 52 tons, while, according to the expert's statement, the output from the commencement of the rainy season will be 45 tons per month. One of the most active spots has been *Keffi Mines*, which have now taken a jump to 16s. 6d.-17s., on private cables from the Gold Coast, ordering the purchase of these shares. It looks, therefore, as if some very good news were close at hand. *Ida "H,"* a West Australian company, has a considerable interest in Nigeria, which is represented by £62,500 in £1 shares of the *Rukuba Company*, which has a total capital of £100,000. The *Ida "H"* directors have sold 12,500 of the shares at a good price, thus making sufficient profit to have the remaining 50,000 shares costing them nothing. The company has, moreover, a good West Australian mine, and although the shares have reacted to 9s. 6d., they will probably further advance. I must confess that some of the new companies appear to me very flimsy, and I trust my readers will be very careful as to which of these they invest in. They ought to obtain the most conclusive evidence that everything is all right, so that they should not be caught eventually in an unsaleable share when a slump comes about. Just at present, of course, there is no fear of that. *Alaska shares* are still very strong, *Alaska Treadwell* at 8⅝ xd., and *Alaska United* at 4⅜ xd. The directors' report of the Northern Ontario Exploration Company just issued, for the period from January 17th to December 31st, 1911, shows that this company has been very successful in the short time of its existence, having made a gross profit of £81,481. The issued capital amounts to £117,300, and against this they have cash in London and Canada £77,400, and good debts £21,300, while shares in companies at cost were £101,000. They have, however, written off from this amount £40,000 for depreciation, and considered it prudent, in view of this being an exploration company, in the early stage of the company's career, to strengthen its financial position, instead of paying a dividend. The board have under option very important business in Alaska and elsewhere, which is now being investigated by their engineers, and they will no doubt be able to use very successfully the large amount of liquid assets of which they dispose. *Copper* is strongly on the up-grade, and the cash price here is now £64⅝. New York is putting up quotations hand over fist, and *Amalgamated Coppers* have been put up to 72½, while *Rio Tintos* are also strong at 72½, the Paris Bears having been caught in these. *Mount Lyell* have improved to 27s. 6d., *Great Cobar* to 3⅜, and *Mount Elliott* to 3⅛. With regard to the statistical position, it is noteworthy that the visible supply for Europe had been reduced on February 29 to 51,507 tons, against 82,387 tons a year ago. Consumption, more especially in Europe, has been going on at a brisk rate, and now the United States seem also to be increasing their consumption. The latest figures of the Copper Producers' Association are most satisfactory, as the stock is reduced to 62,941,000 lbs., against 162,000,000 lbs. in March, 1911. It seems decidedly that the present will be a year of the base metals, notably tin and copper. By the way, *Arizona-Morenci*, to which I referred last week as a promising little share, has been in strong request, and the price has improved to 6s. 6d.

Good Buying of Oil Shares Interrupted by Realisations, But a Strong Undertone—Egyptian Oils Active on New Discoveries—The Maikop Victory Deep Well.

Realisations have also been carried out in Oil shares of late, but, considering the important rise which has taken place, the falls are but slight. *Shell Transports* at one time were very strong at 94s., but even now they are not easier at 91s., being ex the rights of 4s. According to advices from the North, the Scotch companies have only three weeks' supply of coal available to keep their works going. On the other hand, the coal strike will no doubt be over by then, while oil as fuel can also be made use of. *Mexican Eagle* are easier at 32s. 3d., on the unsatisfactory political news from Mexico. Lord Cowdray is, however, himself on the spot, and will no doubt look after the company's interests. He has certainly shown his confidence in *Mexican Eagles*, by ordering some little time ago, a large number of tank steamers to be constructed, which are to be taken over by the £1,000,000 company. A strong demand developed for *Egyptian Oil Trust*, which rebounded to 3¾, and *Red Sea Oilfields*, which improved to 1⅛, on cables from Gemsah that on the *Red Sea* property oil was struck in well No. 9 at 753 feet, giving an estimated flow of oil of 250 tons per twenty-four hours. *Maikop* shares have upon the whole been somewhat neglected, yet the latest news with regard to the *Maikop* deep drilling scheme is most encouraging. It seems that on the *Maikop Victory*, in well No. 5, at a depth of 1,200 feet, a further oil show has been

encountered, making two distinct oil beds in 100 feet. The present output of oil from this well is from the oil source of 600 feet, and the two new discoveries have an important bearing upon the future of the *Maikop Victory Company*, as well as confirming the theory that the deepest strata of the *Maikop* field will yield good results. *Maikop Victory* ought to stand over par, instead of ¼ discount. *Black Sea Oilfields* are quoted at ⅛, and *Kuban Black Sea Oilfields Prefs.* at ½ to ¾ premium.

Excellent news has come to hand from the properties of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line. No wonder that the shares are up again to 19s. 6d., as increased dividends appear assured.

SLOW AND SURE REVIVAL IN RUBBERS—A MARKET TIP.

Slowly but surely rubber shares are forging their way to the front again, the strong statistical position of the commodity at last impressing itself both upon speculators and investors. Forward contracts on a large scale are being announced one after another, and with rubber fetching up to 4s. 10½d. per lb. for delivery in 1913, thus assuring a continuance of larger profits to the producing companies, the position and prospects are indeed very encouraging. I have already explained that until the market has permanently rehabilitated itself in the good graces of the public, it would be as well to confine attention to the leading shares, such as *Linggis* at 36s. 6d., *Vallambrosa* at 26s. 6d., *Anglo-Malay* at 17s., *Highlands* at 4½, *Consolidated Malay* at 15s 3d., *Labu* at 9s., *United Sumatra* at 8s. 6d., and so on. But there are plenty of opportunities in what may be called the "coming" division, with the exercise of due discrimination. I hear, for instance, good accounts of the *Seaport Selangor*, at 18s., whose production for the past seven months has already outstripped the estimated production for the financial year 1911-1912. One of the features has been the continued demand for *Rubber Trusts*, which are up at 14s. premium. There is a rumour of a capital reorganisation scheme, which will include a reduction of the par value of the shares.

Upon another page will be found some interesting particulars of the Kuskie (Nigeria) Tin Fields, Limited. The company is formed for the purpose of acquiring from the Government of Northern Nigeria five exclusive prospecting licences and mining leases, situated in approved tin-producing districts. As will be seen, Mr. Edwin Edwards has issued a highly favourable report, estimating that contiguous to the main river there is some 870,000 cubic yards of tin-bearing alluvial. At the price of £150, and estimating the product at 70 per cent., the output from one lease alone is calculated at £160,000. The other blocks hold forth equally favourable prospects, and the proposition possesses great potentialities.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) *Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor*, JOHN BULL, 2, *Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) *Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

(3) *Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

(4) *In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

(5) *If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

"HOME FREEHOLDS."—D. K. (Golden Square).—As at present advised, I recommend you to have nothing whatever to do with this concern.

LIMITED COMPANY.—A. W.—You must under no circumstances attach limited to your name, or any other name, unless such a company is registered at Somerset House. You would get into serious trouble. Obviously this would be taken to mean that you wanted to benefit by the Companies' Act without paying the fees, and thereby misleading the public.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—T. R.—The Royal Hungarian Lottery is no doubt honestly conducted under the auspices of the Hungarian Government, but I cannot tell you anything about the intermediaries who have approached you. Many of these are shady, and some of those who call themselves banks are, of course, only agents.

FRENCH INVESTMENT.—Nemo. (Staffordshire).—You cannot call this a safe and profitable investment. It is at best a highly speculative gamble. The other concern is preferable by far, and I will cause some particulars to be sent to you. TIMID.—What is the use your asking my advice after you have paid the money? On no account pay the other amount unless you get the actual bonds for the amount in your own possession.

BANK DEPOSITS AND INVESTMENTS.—TIMID.—If I were you I would hesitate ere I deposited money for so many years. It would be far better to invest the amount in sound securities, which you can just now buy to yield quite as much, with the advantage of seeing them at a much higher price. If you wish it, I will tell you what will be best to buy.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—FIRMS.—Both these are outside brokers, and I cannot recommend the connection. I never advise dealing with outside brokers. What you require has been forwarded. CRIPPLED.—I am always ready to help those who have just grievances, but in your dealings with these outside brokers you have been treated quite correctly. You seem to think that these people would close shares for you still at the previous day's price when you give them the order on the following day. The prices at which they closed, according to your statement, are perfectly correct.

BENUE.—R. L.—It must be obvious to you that directors of public companies cannot make themselves officially responsible for such estimates, and that the same must be taken largely on trust. I believe that the Benue is a very promising Nigerian tin property, and I note that you understand that 35 acres have been fully tested and proved to a depth of 50 to 60ft., showing a value of at least 3s. per cubic yard. I can thus understand your view that the value may be up to your figure, but, as already explained, you cannot expect the board of the company to commit themselves to any such statement.

AMERICAN MINE.—RUBBLY.—These shares have dropped out of the running for the time being, and there is no option but to hold. It is possible that they may benefit eventually by the continuance of the rise in copper shares generally.

DEPOSIT INTEREST.—J. J. C.—You can get such tables from the leading City publishers, notably Messrs. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, E.C.

BANK AND INSURANCE SHARES.—S. E. M.—You must deal through a stockbroker, and you should put the money into bank shares, for preference such as London, County and Westminster, Parrs, Capital and Counties, etc.

ROSS OR SHARON.—B. B.—Having joined the reconstruction you would still be liable for the unpaid calls, even if you forfeited the shares. I am not very sanguine as regards the future of the property, and it is stated that the expert's report is quite at variance with those of the mine manager.

RUBBERS.—T. B. T. (Delgany).—The Pehog owns a rubber property in the Straits Settlements, and the estimated yield for the year to September 20th, 1912, is 165,000lbs. of rubber. The output for the two months to January 31st last was 31,000lbs. There seems to be no market for the shares at present, but they may come into the dealings again, when the share market broadens out.

PANAMA BOND.—C. A. K.—It is not surprising that you could not find these people, as they collapsed long ago, and you ought not to buy bonds in this way, without getting the original scrip into your possession. I am afraid you can do nothing in the matter. The document is returned.

£1,000 INVESTMENT.—BESSIE.—I should advise you to put the money into some of the new stocks recently issued, which, owing to outside influences, are obtainable at a discount upon their issue prices, so that they are very cheap:—Western Australian 3½ per cents., issued at 99, quoted at ¾ discount; Royal Mail Shipping 4½ per cent. debentures, issued at 100, quoted at ½ discount; Atchison Railroad 4½ per cent. bonds, issued at 102½, quoted at ¾ discount; City of Vancouver 4 per cent., issued at 98, quoted at 1½ discount. I do not advise any dealings with the firm in question.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

PEARL.—JIM (Leicester).—Make your claim, but continue to pay your premium and await their reply. G. P. (Putney).—Agent's advice is no use. If you do not wish to rest content with the Company's undertaking to pay at death, you had better consult a solicitor, as it means fighting.

BRITISH LEGAL.—L. S. B.—On no account stop your premium, but claim the return of money paid.

INSURANCE FOR WINDOW CLEANING.—W. T. F.—It is no use dealing with such small insurance offices. Why do you not insure in the Ocean Accident?

LANDLORD'S LIABILITY.—The Company seems to be safe enough. The head office is at Glasgow, but the London branch is at 4, Bucklersbury, E.C., and not at the address mentioned by you.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL.—J. D. T.—They ought to have signed the proposal. If they give you a written undertaking to pay at death, that would suffice, also in the other case. ANXIOUS.—Yes, the matter is at least doubtful, especially if you did not mention that the lives had already been insured. Obtain an undertaking from the Company to pay at death.

ROYAL LONDON, FRIENDLY.—CAT.—Keep up the payments and obtain an undertaking that they will pay at death.

REFUGE ASSURANCE.—MRS. P. (Manchester).—It looks to me as if you had been swindled by the first agent. Write to the head office and state your case.

NATIONAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT.—J. C. (Liscard).—You must have made a mistake. There was no such article on November 11th.

LIVERPOOL, VICTORIA LEGAL.—DOUBTFUL (Brighton).—I do not see how I can help you, as your solicitor does not advise your going on and the Registrar confirms him. You should obtain an assurance that they will pay at death.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. T. Y. (Halleton).—Please repeat your inquiry. E. C. (New North Road).—You can recover on your husband's policy. E. C. (Southend-on-Sea).—The policy holder can recover if the assured did not sign. A. B. (Poole).—You can recover the premiums. Consult a good local advocate. E. M. (Edinburgh).—The premiums are recoverable if the assured did not sign. Your policies are returned. D. P. H. (Bawtry Station).—Consult a good local solicitor and sue the Company for fraud. J. T. B. (Walhuville).—Sue the Company for fraud. T. E. T. (Rhostryfan).—We think the decision wrong, but you have no remedy. J. M. (Fulham).—The compact is legal, for what it is worth. H. S. B. (Coventry).—Please repeat your inquiry. F. A. B. (Higham's Park).—You have no choice but to accept surrender value. A. M (Edinburgh).—The premiums are recoverable for fraud. You must consult a local solicitor. J. E. (Hampton-on-Thames).—The policies appear to be regular, and you have no option but to continue them. H. C. L. (Dunbar).—You must instruct a writer and sue the Company. NEMO (Plymouth).—If the assured did not sign, you could recover. Consult a local solicitor. S. J. K. (Hornsey).—I think the premiums recoverable in the County Court. W. C. (Southsea).—You have no remedy unless you get an order from the Probate Court presuming death. CYNRO (Nantgarw).—It all depends on whether the assured signed, and what relation she is to you.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of inquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite matters.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[*This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.*]

This is the Last Will and Testament
— of me —

WALTER RUNCIMAN, of Chathill, in the County of Northumberland, gentleman.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST, I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude that I have been permitted to enjoy so many varied experiences in this life, rising, more by good fortune than through any merit of my own, from a mere director of shipping companies to be a Member of Parliament, and a Cabinet Minister in the capacity respectively of President of the Board of Education and President of the Board of Agriculture.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto my *alma mater*, Trinity College, Cambridge, my portrait in oils, desiring that the same shall be hung in the Hall in company with the portraits of other celebrities who have likewise shed lustre upon the College.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Directors and Shareholders of the Moor Line of cargo steamers the alpaca office jacket I wore during the time I filled the position of Managing Director of that Company.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto John Telford, the Wesleyan Methodist Connexional Editor, of Dorking, in the County of Surrey, gent., the sum of five hundred pounds, on condition that the said John Telford shall write, publish and circulate throughout the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion a brief biography of me, the testator, the said biography to be entitled "The Life and Labours of a Great Wesleyan; or, How Walter Runciman Stood Up to the Archbishop of Canterbury during the Education Bill Dispute."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the President of the Board of Agriculture at the time of my demise a copy of "Everybody's Guide to Gardening," a book which I found very helpful during the period I acted as President of that Board.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the said President of the Board of Agriculture my pocket "Dictionary of Agricultural Terms and Phrases," which during my Presidency enabled me to pass for an agriculturalist at many a market dinner.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Madame Tussaud the boots and leggings I wore during my peregrinations up and down the country in search of agricultural knowledge, and to evade awkward agricultural questions in the House of Commons until I had acquired a smattering of the subject.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the Permanent Officials at the Board of Agriculture the sum of One Hundred Pounds, to be divided amongst them as my executors may think best, the said sum to be a mark of appreciation of their uniform kindness in instructing, coaching, and otherwise helping me in the performance of my duties—utterly foreign to me when I took up my post there.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto A—— B——, my gardener at Doxford, the sum of Five Pounds, in recognition of his having pointed out the difference between a mangold wurzel and a swede, so that I was subsequently able to distinguish one from the other, when seen side by side.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the said A—— B—— a further sum of Five Pounds, in recognition of his having instructed me in the meaning of the words "Kohl Rabi," "Vetches," and "Trefolium," which, prior to my elevation to the Board of Agriculture, I took to be Hebrew.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Mayor and Burgesses of the Borough of Dewsbury, whom I did the honour of representing in the House of Commons from 1902, the sum of Five Hundred Pounds, to be expended in the purchase and erection in the Market Place of a statue of me, the testator, the said statue to represent me grasping the handle of a plough with my right hand, and examining with marked interest a mangold wurzel held in my left hand, the base of the said statue to be inscribed with the following couplet:

"When Adam delved and Eve span
They badly needed Runciman."

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE the residue of my property, &c., &c.

(*Here follow family bequests.*)

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS

By W. M.

[*In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory—always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.*]

Thys
Vaft tombe
Was ereckted
To accommodate
Ye bulkie remaynes
Of
Gilbert Keith Chesterton,
Ye notorious producer and purveyor of
PARADOXES.
Born
Anno Domini 1874,
Hys sluggyfh intelligence
Was tickled intoe acktivytie
Bye ye pedagogues of St. Paul's Schoole;
Whofe effortes hee afterwardes seckonded
Bye attendynge clafses atte ye Slade Schoole.
Wyth ye mental equipmente thus attayned,
Hee determyned to attempt ye afcente
Of ye perilous and precarious peak of
JOURNALYSM.
Commencynge by reviewynge art bookes
For
Ye Bookemanne,
Hee, As itte were,
Strutted aboute in ye borrowed mantle
Of Ruskin,
And sette manie an afpyrynge artift
Bye ye ears.
These juvenyle sins might have been
Forgyven hym;
Butte
When hee began to wryte
A weeklie column of pseudo-philosophie
For
Ye *Dailie Newes*,
Hys friendes gave hym uppe for loft.
Butte,
Athough hee didde notte scruple
To afsociate hymselfe
Wyth ye pharafaicall newefpaper mentioned;
Hee soe far preferved hys independence
As to speake of beer in itts puritanickal columns
Wyth gufto,
Hee hadde now become
Ye premier verbal ackrobat of hys dale,
Wrytynge more or lefs intelligentlie
(Butte chieflie less, bee itt noted)
About any and everie subjeckt
Under ye sunne,
About thys tyme
Itt became hys ambicion
To emulate ye charackter of
DOCTOR JOHNSON,
To ye whych end
Hee tooke frequent walkes uppe and downe
Fleete Streete,
Becomynge a well-knowne figure
In ye purlieus thereof.
Butte
One daie
Hee difappeared from London
And reappeared in ye village of
Beaconsfield,
Bucks,
To ye confternaçion of ye ruftick inhabitants,
Where,
Full of yeares
And various other thynges,
Hee dyed.

Why linger here? 'Tis onlie G. K. C.;
Who lyes where G. B. S. as welle shoulde bee:
Then would the world exclaim, relieved from payn,
"Let's hope wee shall notte see their lyke agayne!"

"John Bull" and His Garden.

GARDENING.—The healthiest and happiest of all British hobbies. From time immemorial has this "sea-girt isle" been famed for the beauty and fragrance of its flowers.

To-day, thanks to Ryders—the great penny packet seed firm—every-one, from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, may pursue his, or her, horticultural taste to their heart's content.

SEEDS.—They are all-important, for you must have the "best." From Ryders you always obtain seeds of the highest quality—all of pedigree origin—all of high germinating power.

Make certain of success by following the example of hundreds of thousands of garden lovers, and sow Ryders' Seeds. Remember, seeds of all sorts—flower and vegetable, from "Orchids to Mustard and Cress," and all in Penny Packets.

Your 1912 Catalogue Awaits You.

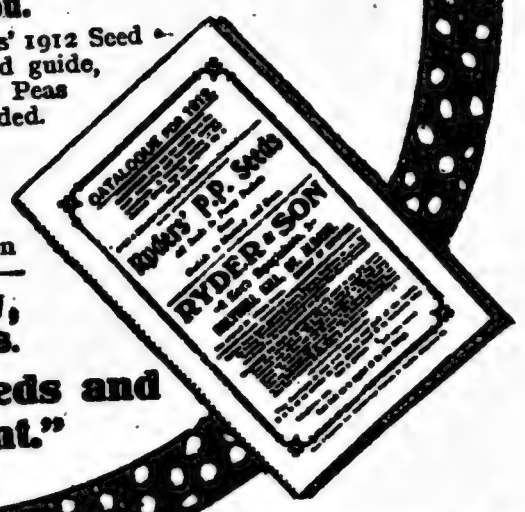
To select with discretion you must have Ryders' 1912 Seed Catalogue, for it is the most complete garden seed guide, containing all you need. Ryders' New Sweet Peas are unexcelled, and every variety is included.

ALL IN PENNY PACKETS.

If you have not yet got a copy, send post-card for same. Sent post free everywhere.

Ryders caution you against imitators. You are only sure of Ryders' Seeds when you obtain direct from their sole address:—

RYDER & SON,
Seed Specialists, ST. ALBANS.



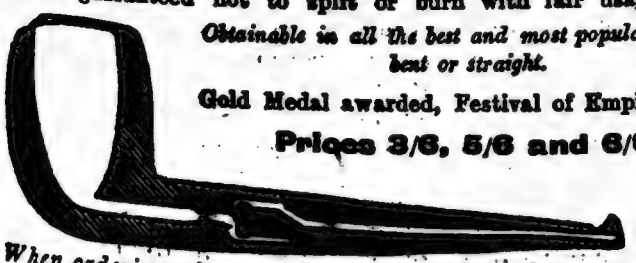
"Sow Ryders' Seeds and Rest Content."

GOOD TOBACCO IN A BAD PIPE.

Do you know how good that tobacco you smoke really is? You do not if you smoke an ordinary pipe. Smoke it in a Bewlay Patent Pipe and see how much better it is than you have ever thought. Just a simple ivory disc (see section below) makes all the difference. It stops all nicotine or dust reaching the mouth, stops moisture reaching the tobacco from the mouth, and enables both wet and dry smokers to enjoy a cool sweet smoke. And every

BEWLAY Patent PIPE

is a splendid specimen of pipe-making—well-selected briar of fine grain, highly finished throughout, guaranteed not to split or burn with fair usage.



Obtainable in all the best and most popular shapes, bent or straight.

Gold Medal awarded, Festival of Empire, 1911.

Prices 3/6, 5/6 and 6/6.

When ordering please send rough sketch of shape required. Post free (in United Kingdom and the British Colonies) from the Makers.

Choose a "Bewlay Patent" Pipe for a Present.

Further particulars are given in our interesting Booklet, "Pipes of all Peoples," sent gratis and post free.

BEWLAY & Co., Ltd., 49, Strand, W.C.

Established 132 years.

N.B. The Bewlay Patent Pipe can also be obtained from many tobacconists throughout the United Kingdom.

PARI-MUTUEL!

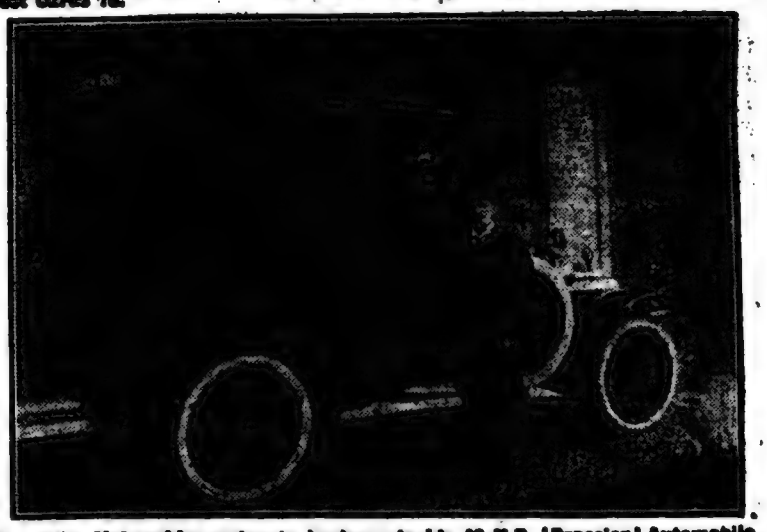
to . . .

JOHN McLAUCHLAN,

Turf and Football Accountant,

Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

Lucerne, Switzerland.



Mr. John McLauchlan going to business in his 40 H.P. 'Brazier' Automobile

SEND FOR BOOK of Pari-mutuel Tickets on the

DERBY

and all principal Races in 1912. Sent post free on application.

I guarantee to give away £1,000 on each race. No skill required, no hard conditions. Result posted to all subscribers before the race is run.

FOR FOOTBALL BETS.

Just write your bet on plain paper, choosing your teams from the 1st DIVISION ENGLISH LEAGUE, 2nd DIVISION ENGLISH LEAGUE, SOUTHERN LEAGUE, 1st SCOTTISH LEAGUE, ENGLISH CUP and SCOTTISH CUP.

5 to 2—4 Home Teams, etc., etc.,

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS.

Letter Commissions (*Payments Nightly*).

3, CROWN PLACE, LEITH.

NO MORE COUPONS ISSUED.

Credit Accounts.

16, Princes St.,

EDINBURGH.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[*This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.*]

This is the Last Will and Testament
— of me —
WALTER RUNCIMAN, of Chathill, in the County of Northumberland, gentleman.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST, I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude that I have been permitted to enjoy so many varied experiences in this life, rising, more by good fortune than through any merit of my own, from a mere director of shipping companies to be a Member of Parliament, and a Cabinet Minister in the capacity respectively of President of the Board of Education and President of the Board of Agriculture.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto my *alma mater*, Trinity College, Cambridge, my portrait in oils, desiring that the same shall be hung in the Hall in company with the portraits of other celebrities who have likewise shed lustre upon the College.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Directors and Shareholders of the Moor Line of cargo steamers the alpaca office jacket I wore during the time I filled the position of Managing Director of that Company.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto John Telford, the Wesleyan Methodist Connexional Editor, of Dorking, in the County of Surrey, gent., the sum of five hundred pounds, on condition that the said John Telford shall write, publish and circulate throughout the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion a brief biography of me, the testator, the said biography to be entitled "The Life and Labours of a Great Wesleyan; or, How Walter Runciman Stood Up to the Archbishop of Canterbury during the Education Bill Dispute."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the President of the Board of Agriculture at the time of my demise a copy of "Everybody's Guide to Gardening," a book which I found very helpful during the period I acted as President of that Board.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the said President of the Board of Agriculture my pocket "Dictionary of Agricultural Terms and Phrases," which during my Presidency enabled me to pass for an agriculturalist at many a market dinner.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Madame Tussaud the boots and leggings I wore during my peregrinations up and down the country in search of agricultural knowledge, and to evade awkward agricultural questions in the House of Commons until I had acquired a smattering of the subject.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the Permanent Officials at the Board of Agriculture the sum of One Hundred Pounds, to be divided amongst them as my executors may think best, the said sum to be a mark of appreciation of their uniform kindness in instructing, coaching, and otherwise helping me in the performance of my duties—utterly foreign to me when I took up my post there.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto A—— B——, my gardener at Doxford, the sum of Five Pounds, in recognition of his having pointed out the difference between a mangold wurzel and a swede, so that I was subsequently able to distinguish one from the other, when seen side by side.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the said A—— B—— a further sum of Five Pounds, in recognition of his having instructed me in the meaning of the words "Kohl Rábi," "Vetches," and "Trefolium," which, prior to my elevation to the Board of Agriculture, I took to be Hebrew.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Mayor and Burgesses of the Borough of Dewsbury, whom I did the honour of representing in the House of Commons from 1902, the sum of Five Hundred Pounds, to be expended in the purchase and erection in the Market Place of a statue of me, the testator, the said statue to represent me grasping the handle of a plough with my right hand, and examining with marked interest a mangold wurzel held in my left hand, the base of the said statue to be inscribed with the following couplet:

"When Adam delved and Eve span
They badly needed Runciman."

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE the residue of my property, &c., &c.

(*Here follow family bequests.*)

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS

By W. M.

[*In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory—always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.*]

Thys
Vaft tombe
Was ereckted
To accommodate
Ye bulkie remaynes
Of
Gilbert Keith Chesterton,
Ye notorious producer and purveyor of
PARADOXES.
Born
Anno Domini 1874,
Hys sluggyfh intelligence
Was tickled intoe acktivytie
Bye ye pedagogues of St. Paul's Schoole;
Whofe effortes hee afterwardes seckonded
Bye attendynge clafses atte ye Slade Schoole.
Wyth ye mental equipmente thus attayned,
Hee determyned to attempt ye afcente
Of ye perilous and precarious peak of
JOURNALYSM.
Commencynge by reviewynge art bookes
For
Ye Bookemanne,
Hee, As itte were,
Strutted aboute in ye borrowed mantle
Of Ruskin,
And sette manie an afpyrynge artift
Bye ye ears.
These juvenyle sins might have been
Forgyven hym;
Butte
When hee began to wryte
A weeklie column of pseudo-philosophie
For
Ye *Dailie Newes,*
Hys friendes gave hym uppe for loft.
Butte,
Athough hee didde notte scruple
To afsociate hymselfe
Wyth ye pharafaicall newefpaper mentioned,
Hee soe far preferved hys independence
As to speake of beer in itts puritanickal columns
Wyth gufto,
Hee hadde now become
Ye premier verbal ackrobat of hys dale,
Wrytynge more or lefs intelligentlie
(Butte chieflie less, bee itt noted)
About any and everie subjeckt
Under ye sunne,
About thys tyme
Itt became hys ambicion
To emulate ye charackter of
DOCTOR JOHNSON,
To ye whych end
Hee tooke frequent walkes uppe and downe
Fleete Streete,
Becomynge a well-knowne figure
In ye purlieus thereof.
Butte
One daie
Hee difappeared from London
And feappeared in ye village of
Beaconsfield,
Bucks,
To ye confternacion of ye ruftick inhabitants,
Where,
Full of yeares
And various other thynges,
Hee dyed.

Why linger here? 'Tis onlie G. K. C.;
Who lyes where G. B. S. as welle shoulde bee;
Then would the world exclaim, relieved from payn,
"Let's hope wee shall notte see their lyke agayne!"

"John Bull" and His Garden.

GARDENING.—The healthiest and happiest of all British hobbies. From time immemorial has this "sea-girt isle" been famed for the beauty and fragrance of its flowers.

To-day, thanks to Ryders—the great penny packet seed firm—everyone, from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, may pursue his, or her, horticultural taste to their heart's content.

SEEDS.—They are all-important, for you must have the "best." From Ryders you always obtain seeds of the highest quality—all of pedigree origin—all of high germinating power.

Make certain of success by following the example of hundreds of thousands of garden lovers, and sow Ryders' Seeds. Remember, seeds of all sorts—flower and vegetable, from "Orchids to Mustard and Cress," and all in Penny Packets.

Your 1912 Catalogue Awaits You.

To select with discretion you must have Ryders' 1912 Seed Catalogue, for it is the most complete garden seed guide, containing all you need. Ryders' New Sweet Peas are unexcelled, and every variety is included.

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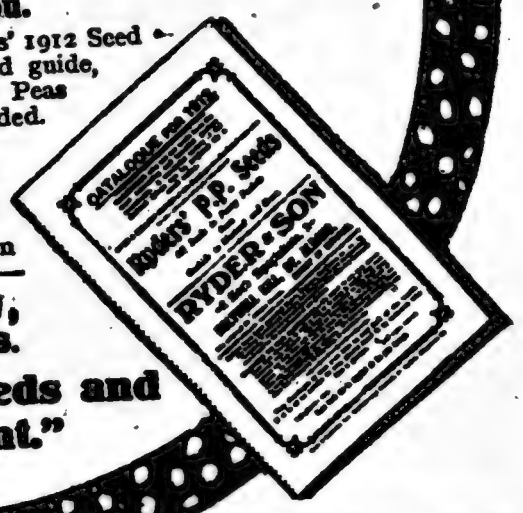

"Sow Ryders' Seeds and Rest Content."

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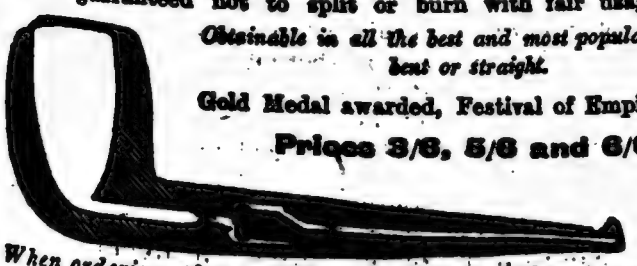

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to . . .

JOHN McLAUCHLAN,

Turf and Football Accountant,

Postage 1½d. Post Cards 1d.

Lucerne, Switzerland.

Mr. John McLauchlan going to business in his 40 H.P. 'Brasier' Automobile

FOR BOOK of Pari-mutuel Tickets on the

DERBY

and all principal Races in 1912. Sent post free on application.

I guarantee to give away £1,000 on each race. No skill required, no hard conditions. Result posted to all subscribers before the race is run.

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5 to 2—4 Home Teams, etc., etc.,

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16, Princes St., EDINBURGH.

SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUMS.

Suppositious Replies of Prominent People.

[It is our custom to hold a weekly—imaginary—symposium upon some topic of the hour, giving the views of representative men and women.]

THE GREATEST WOMAN IN HISTORY.

Desirous of being "in the swim" on the full tide of feminism that is sweeping so strongly across the civilised world, this week we once more devote our Symposium to "The Sex," the question being "Who, in your opinion, is the greatest female character in history?" The replies we have received have surprised us, and we fancy they will surprise our readers. Here are some of them:—

George Bernard Shaw:

Assuming that you include the Genetic version of the Creation in the term History, I have no hesitation in saying that Mother Eve was immeasurably the greatest woman who ever lived. Remember, she had all to learn. She had no *Mrs. Bull* to guide her in the matter of dress. She had no Woman's Freedom League to encourage in her a spirit of independence. But, none the less, she quickly succeeded in first fascinating Adam, and then reducing him to a proper state of abject servitude. She made him eat an apple—fruit he probably detested—and then had him turned out of the Garden of Eden. She did not mind being turned out as well. Left alone she would have had nobody to nag at. The first woman—who, by her own uninstructed efforts, acquired all the essential characteristics of the female sex and put them so successfully into practice without having either history, tradition, or any "dear friend" to guide her—was a super-woman indeed.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst:

In my opinion Boadicea takes the palm. She was the first British woman to adopt militant tactics against the male oppressor. It matters not one whit that she failed in her purpose. She did not succeed in driving the Romans out of Britain, but she showed what a woman reduced to desperation by political wrongs is capable of doing. Her fame we will not willingly let die. Indeed, her example has strengthened me in many a hard-fought fight with the police—whom I look upon as the modern equivalent of the Roman oppressors of early Britain. Women of England! the time is fast approaching when you may be called upon to emulate the example of Boadicea in the cause of women's freedom. Like her, you may have to suffer indignity, and shame, and death. True, you need not fear the mutilation that she was subjected to, but there is always a possibility of your falling through the window you are smashing and getting rather badly cut. But a sufficiency of enthusiasm and sticking plaster will carry you through to triumph. Shrink not when the hour of trial arrives. I will be somewhere near to cheer you on, although it may not be expedient for me to make my presence known.

Mr. George Cadbury:

Although her name suggests painful thoughts of long-sustained commercial rivalry, I must confess that the woman who, in my opinion, made the most indelible mark upon the pages of history was Elizabeth Fry. Long before Mr. Winston Churchill manifested such benevolent interest in the welfare of our convict population, long before he wrapped the protecting cloak of his authority as Home Secretary around the shrinking form of the shepherd of Dartmoor, Elizabeth Fry had visited prisons and soothed the sorrows of helpless convicts. Her name should be inscribed in letters of chocolate and gold on the walls of every convict prison in the land.

Miss Marie Corelli:

If you persist in asking such very awkward questions I must decline to take part in any more of your symposiums. I still retain a measure of shrinking modesty, and most emphatically decline to blow my own trumpet.

An Ideal Sporting Pictorial.
LOTINGA'S WEEKLY.
Every Wednesday. *One Penny.*

How to Make ½ Pint of the Best Cough Syrup for 2s. 6d.

FAMOUS DOCTOR'S RECEIPT THAT SAVES ABOUT 8s. ON COUGH MEDICINE.

As there seems to be a regular epidemic of Colds and Coughs, the following valuable receipt will be welcomed by many.

Secure from your Chemist 1oz. of "PARMINT" (double strength), take this home and add to it ½ pint of hot water and 4ozs. of granulated sugar, stir until dissolved. Take 1 spoonful 4 times a day, this will give instant relief, and will usually cure the most obstinate cough within 24 hours. It is pleasant to take, and is extremely valuable in cases of incipient Lung Troubles. It is strongly recommended by Physicians, as its nourishing elements give renewed strength to those who have become weak through prolonged illness. This receipt has often been published, and thousands of people know its value.

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY

"BLACK —&— WHITE"

The Highest Standard of QUALITY.

BE SURE TO LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE BACK COVER.

What is Your Number?

Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following claims have been received:—

B. MURDEN, 96, Northfield Road, Coventry.—No. 235,430. February 3rd.

SAMUEL SMITH, 22, Perry Street, Anlaby Road, Hull.—No. 454,274. January 20th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 17th, 1912:—

2030	206877	382495	635860	761900
13923	228899	409695	638266	773339
47882	231382	443131	675503	776777
80866	249032	471611	678091	807144
94046	255341	492753	706003	818749
124524	262366	517859	709212	829092
141701	275284	528441	724900	833726
175613	304503	550890	729658	848004
186688	335331	577378	741373	858694
206065	364181	587228	753934	862786

The Fifty Numbers in Respect of this Week will be Announced in our issue dated April 13th (published April 11th).

The John Bull League.

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

A WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE

WILL BE HELD IN

THE EMPRESS CAFE, UNION STREET, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27th.

Partners drawn 7.45 p.m. sharp.

Tickets (price 2s. Ladies; 2s. 6d. Gents., including refreshments) may be obtained from the Hon. Branch Secretary, Mr A. T. Fairweather, 58, Elmbank Terrace, Kittybrewster.

"By far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."—SPORTING LIFE.

DOUGLAS STUART

(of NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON).

All letters respecting DEPOSIT BUSINESS MUST be addressed ONLY to

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

SYSTEM SPECIALIST without Commission.

Don't waste time writing for quotations. Market Price Guaranteed, as ruling when letter is Postmarked.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for WRITING or WIRING } for daily **S.P.**

LINCOLN and NATIONAL.
Unlimited "Double Event."
Remember, £10,000 to £10 paid last year.

Terms for 1912 now ready, and contain a NEW CONCESSION absolutely preventing Clients' loss by undelivered or incorrect Telegrams.

NO LIMIT, and PLACE BETTING when Favourite "Odds On."

Please mention this paper when writing.

KUSKIE (NIGERIA) TIN FIELDS, LIMITED.

SHARE CAPITAL - - - - £60,000,

Divided into 240,000 Shares of 5s. each.

DIRECTORS.—Sir George Chardin Denton, K.C.M.G., The Firs, Headington Hill, Oxford (late Lieut.-Governor of Lagos, South Nigeria, and late Governor of the Gambia); Frederick William Kerr, 31, Budge Row, London, E.C. (Director, Car and General Insurance Corporation, Limited); James Penrose Rowe, St. Just, Cornwall (late Manager, Tronoh Mines, Limited).

BANKERS.—Bank of British West Africa, Ltd., 17, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Mayo, Elder and Co., 10, Drapers Gardens, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—F. A. Bagnall, F.C.I.S., Pinners Hall, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed for the purpose (*inter alia*) of acquiring five exclusive Prospecting Licenses, granted by the Government of Northern Nigeria, in respect of properties situate in the Province of Bauchi, Northern Nigeria, and known respectively as "The Kuskie Block," "The Kuskie North," "The Kuskie South," "The Kuskie Extended," and "The Buckam Block," and also a Government Mining Lease granted or agreed to be granted under one of such Prospecting Licenses in respect of a portion of the property, containing 206.87 acres or thereabouts, comprised in the Kuskie Block.

Prospecting and Development.—Mr. Edwin Edwards reports as follows:—

"Description of Property and Work Done.—Kuskie Block—(approximately 4 square miles). As already mentioned, an area of 206.87 acres of this Block has been taken up on Mining Lease, and systematic development commenced. Some 150 trial pits have been sunk to bottom, the average depth being about three yards, which gave average values of approximately 4 lbs. per cubic yard.

"Bulk samples have been taken from various spots, and in particular a large sample was taken at point marked 'A' on plan, all of which have confirmed me in my opinion as to the value of the wash.

"Kuskie North Block.—The south-east corner of this Block contains a portion of the deep alluvial mentioned under 'Kuskie.' Here again I was unable to get to the bottom, but, as in one pit, 9 ft. from the surface, a value was obtained of 1 lb. black tin per yard, and at 14 ft. 3 lbs., I anticipate much better values as the bottom is approached.

"Kuskie South Block.—Upon this Block I have done a certain amount of prospecting, and in places have obtained very good values up to 10 lbs. black tin per yard.

"Kuskie Extended.—I have taken numerous samples from trial pits sunk on this Block with very good results. There are several streams where the banks average 1½ yards in depth and 4 lbs. black tin per yard.

"Buckam Block.—This block contains one square mile. The natives have worked for many years various parts of this block, but only intermittently. A Mining Lease of about 150 acres should be taken up, which, I estimate, should return a gross value, taking the metal at £150 per ton, and the oxide at 70 per cent., of approximately £40,000.

Profits.—Estimating the output for the first year at 300 tons per annum, and taking black tin at £120 per ton, there would be a gross revenue of £36,000. Estimating all outgoings on the properties, including cost of delivery of tin in Liverpool at the conservative figure of £55 per ton (which should be materially reduced when the railway is completed), the cost would amount to £16,500. Allowing for office and administration expenses in London and directors' fees, the sum of £1,500, making a total of £18,000, there should be a sum of £18,000 available for dividend, equal to 30 per cent. on the total nominal capital of the Company.

Working Capital.—£10,000 has been provided for working capital, which Mr. Edwards considers ample, and 30,000 Shares are held in reserve for the provision of further working capital if required.

How to Completely Overcome

TOBACCO HABIT

ATTAINED AT LAST—
A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

Read These Testimonials. *They are but a few from Legions.*

NO LONGER WANTS A PIPE.

Mr. H. Denford, Merton, Devon, writes: "I took **your 3 days' C Treatment,** and am very pleased to testify that it **completely took away the craving for tobacco,** and I am also glad to say that I am **feeling in much better health than I have for many a day.** I have never once had a crave for the pipe since the first day I started taking your treatment."

SMOKED AND CHEWED FOR 25 YEARS.

Mr. Wm. Courtney, Mostyn, writes: "I had been a heavy smoker and chewer for 25 years. I am proud to say that since taking your treatment the craving has entirely gone. I am a cured man with a clear brain and elastic step, and I wish you every success with your remedy.

USED TOBACCO FOR 20 YEARS.

Mr. J. C. Guest, King's Norton, writes: "I write to tell you that your remedy for the Tobacco Habit has cured me entirely, and I have **no desire to smoke** at all now. It seems a marvel to give up the habit so easily after being addicted for a good 20 years."

NO LONGER WANTS CIGARETTES.

Mr. H. Thistlethwaite, Burnley, Lancs, writes: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your C Treatment. It has cured me of the Tobacco Habit, and I have no further desire for cigarettes. You can make what use you like of this letter, and you can refer anyone you like to me."

SMOKED 100 CIGARETTES WEEKLY.

Mr. C. Stables, Horsforth, writes: "I feel that I must write and let you know the result of your C Treatment, which has been a success. I used to smoke about 100 cigarettes per week, and the craving for them was very great; but before I had finished your three days' treatment I had lost all desire to smoke and I must say that I feel much better now that I no longer smoke."

HEAVY SMOKER OF CIGARETTES.

Mr. J. Silcock, Redruth, writes: "Your C Treatment is all that you claim it to be. I was a heavy smoker of cigarettes, but I now have no more desire to smoke, and I thank you very much for what your C Treatment has done for me."

LOST ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO.

Mrs. R. Roberts, Cinderford, writes: "I am writing to say my husband has entirely lost all desire for tobacco since taking your C Set of Remedies. He has not touched tobacco in any form since he started taking them, and although he had a box of cigars sent to him, he has no desire whatever to smoke them."

GLAD TO SAVE MONEY.

Mr. James Ritchie, Aberdeen, N.B., writes: "Your C Treatment has proved excellent. I have no desire for tobacco now. I am very glad to be rid of the habit, because I can very well do with the money which I used to waste on tobacco."

ALL DESIRE OR CRAVING IS REMOVED FOR Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

I **offer a genuine guaranteed remedy** for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco,** or **snuff.** Tobacco is **poisonous** and seriously **injures the health** in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy,** neurasthenia, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** lassitude, **lack of ambition,** weakening and falling out of hair, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes, and gradually overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another, **without his knowledge.** Full particulars, including my **Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit,** mailed in plain wrapper, **free.** Address:

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 72 HOURS

FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, NORFOLK ST. (306T.B.), LONDON, W.C.

BILLS THAT WOULD NOT SURPRISE US.

FOUR HOURS WORKING DAY.

A
BILL
To limit the Hours of Employment to
Four per Day.
Presented by Mr. William Thorne,
supported by
Mr. Tyson Wilson, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Jowett, and Mr. George Robertson.

Ordered by the House of Commons *to be Printed.*

WHEREAS it is desirable and expedient to protect the industrial classes against the evils arising from excessive hours of labour.

BE it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. On and after the *first day of January One thousand Nine hundred and Thirteen*, no person shall work or cause or suffer any other person to work on sea or land or in the air in any capacity under any contract or agreement, or articles for hire of labour, or for personal service on sea or land or in the air (except in the case of accident) for more than four hours in any one day of twenty-four hours, or for more than twenty-four hours in any week.

2. Any employer, manager, or other person, who shall knowingly cause or suffer any person subject to his or her authority or commands, or in his or her employment, to work on sea or land or in the air in any capacity under any contract or agreement, or articles for hire of labour, or for personal service (except in case of accident) for more than four hours in any one day of twenty-four hours, or for more than twenty-four hours in any week, shall, on conviction, be liable to a penalty of not less than *one thousand pounds* and not more than *five thousand pounds* for every such offence.

3. All offences under this Act, and all money and costs directed by this Act to be recovered as fines, may be prosecuted and recovered in a manner directed by the Summary Jurisdiction Acts before a court of summary jurisdiction.

4. Summary orders under this Act may be made on complaint before a court of summary jurisdiction in manner provided by the Summary Jurisdiction Acts.

5. This Act may be cited for all purposes as the Four Hours Act, 1912.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

[*Mr. Runciman recently wrote to Mr. Laurence Hardy, M.P., saying: "You need be under no apprehension with regard to the rumours which have appeared in the Press to the effect that the Board propose to modify the restrictions on the importation of foreign hay and straw . . . ."*]

Rejoice, ye Party Hacks! your natural food
Is not, believe me, in the slightest danger;
You still may stand, as you of old have stood,
And calmly munch the chaff within your manger.

The Government your help too sorely need
To tamper with your bait in any way—
For, angered by a shortage in your feed,
You might say "Aye" when ordered to say "Neigh!"

Poor, patient beasts, your groundless fears subdue—
The fragrant straw with which you're bedded nightly
Still round your hocks the Party Whips will strew,
And pull your ears and pat your haunches lightly.

"RETLAW."

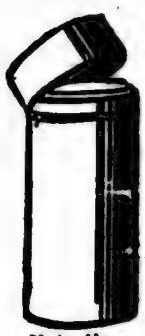
WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page 354.

The Remarkable
Body-Building
Power
of
BOVRIL

as proved in *the* independent physiological feeding experiments on human beings reported to the British Medical Association.

In the experiments on human subjects the amount of Bovril corresponding to the height of this column added to the diet produced in every case an increase in weight, flesh and muscle to the extent of this column, proving the body-building power of Bovril to be 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

This conclusive proof of the power of
BOVRIL
explains how it provides that store of resistance necessary to ward off disease and to repel Colds and Influenza.



Note the Nickelled Box with convenient Hinged Cover.

If a Shaving Soap is so good that it convinces thousands of new customers every day—isn't it too good for you to pass it by without trying it?

Its only real advertisement is its creamy, soothing, satisfying lather. That's why we ask you to try it. Our offer makes it as easy as possible for you.

Send 2d. for the comparison size of Williams' Shaving Stick. If 50 comparison shaves don't convince you of its superiority we return your 2d. and all the postage you have used in corresponding with us.

Costs nothing if you say it isn't better.

The Genuine Williams' Shaving Stick may be had in the new nickelled hinged cover box, or in the well-known leatherette covered metal box.

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Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

If you prefer shaving powder, get Williams' "Quick and Easy" Shaving Powder, in the patented hinged-cover box.

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DOG & PUPPY CAKES

ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS.

They aid digestion. Keep dogs healthy, and their coats and skins in perfect condition. Eradicate worms and all internal parasites. Free from drugs and medicaments of any kind.

THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED.

Write for free samples to
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"Every MOLASSINE Dog Cake wags a tail."

Founded 1872.

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BEST ANNUITY RATES.

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The Finest Tea the World can Produce.

SIMPLY PERFECT IN QUALITY & FLAVOUR.

WE CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND

OUR OTHER BLENDS AS

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	Per Lb.
A Delicious Blend of Extra Fine Teas.	1/6
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FAR AHEAD OF ANY OTHER TEA SOLD AT THE PRICE.

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CHIEF OFFICES:—

CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

BY WALTER MOORE.

[In this column our contributor has an imaginary interview with some celebrity of the day.]

SIR ARTHUR HAWORTH.

Shortly after the South Manchester by-election I met Sir Arthur Haworth strolling disconsolately in Kensington Gardens.

"I shall soon find a safe seat."

"Ah, Sir Arthur," I said, "they did not permit you to suck the sweets of office long, eh?"

Sir Arthur struggled to produce a careless laugh. The result was painful. I hurriedly turned my gaze towards the crocuses. We both were very near to tears—he, for his defeat; I, from sympathy.

"Pooh! fortune of war, you know," he said, with a most depressing attempt at cheerfulness.

"But for a brand new Junior Lord of the Treasury to be rejected by his constituents is rather significant, not to say portentous, is it not?" I asked.

Sir Arthur frowned and dug at the gravel with his umbrella.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, after a moment's pause "The Tory misrepresentation of the Insurance Act did it nothing else."

"Don't be so sure of that," I warned. "Personally, I do not believe the Insurance Act had more to do with your defeat than any other question. You have been made a victim of the general disgust with the Government that is all. As a man, you are respected and esteemed in Manchester. But the electorate throughout the country are not in the mood just now to weigh the personal merits of individual candidates. They are sick to death of Party politics, and will take every opportunity from this time forward to deal a blow at the Government bureaucracy."

"I shall soon find a safe seat," said Sir Arthur, with a pathetic assumption of confidence.

"After South Manchester I question whether *any* seat is safe," I returned. "The way the Government has fumbled over the Coal Strike, and the suspicion that they contemplate adopting the principle of a minimum wage for all classes of workers, has scared the middle-class elector who in imagination can see the taxes and the cost of living rising higher and higher in consequence."

"You think I shall find it difficult to get back to the House of Commons, then?" queried Sir Arthur.

"I do—unless some self-sacrificing occupant of a particularly safe seat will retire in your favour. But that contingency is very remote."

"Why?"

"Because Members are now paid £400 a year," I explained. "Formerly, when all the expenses of Parliamentary representation were paid by the Members themselves, it was easy to find some unselfish—ahem!—Party hack, tired of the game and the cost, willing to retire in favour of a defeated Minister. But things are different now; and I advise you to return your portfolio with the best possible grace at the earliest possible moment."

As I left, he was laughing mirthlessly.

MRS. BULL'S FREE Patterns

Some of the Contents of THIS WEEK'S MRS. BULL

DO MEN WEAR WELL?
By Leonard Spero.

CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.
No. 8.—Footprints.

SELF-SACRIFICE.
From a Woman's Point of View.

REAL LIFE PROBLEMS.
What Should one Do?

Three Splendid Stories.

Practical Patterns,
Household Hints,
Crochet & Needlework.
&c., &c.

BUY IT TO-DAY

GIVEN AWAY WITH THIS NUMBER.

2 PATTERN SETS

1. LADY'S MUFF & STOLE.
2. LITTLE GIRL'S DRAWERS.

MRS. BULL.—NOW ON SALE—1D

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"MILESTONES."

What can I liken this enchanting play to? After some of the disagreeable, dusty, dirty dramas I have seen lately, it comes as the sweet, pure scent of a dew-drenched rose-garden, following an unwholesome whiff from a half emptied dust-hole. "Milestones"! Who is there amongst us, I wonder, unable to recall a "Milestone" in some corner of their path of life, no matter how uneventful the reminder may have been? Many have passed triumphantly the solid blocks of stone and found them meshed with vines, clustering with rich, fine fruit, others have been less fortunate. True, they have reached the "Milestones," but, alas! the grapes have been sour, the vines sickly and unyielding. More have wandered on aimlessly, never getting near the land-mark. Perhaps they may have seen one in the distance, but the hill was too steep to climb, the way too tedious to travel, so they have drifted into a side turning, and there stayed lingering till the end. *Telle est la vie!* "We live and learn," sighs old Sir John Rhead, as his lovely granddaughter places England's emblem—a fresh plucked rose—into the hand of the wealthy baronet—"we live and learn!" And what do we learn from Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Knoblauch in the new Royalty piece? Why, that from 1860, the year the play begins, right away to 1912, the world has been very much the same all along. There was the eternal race for gold, the ambition for titles, the stubborn resistance against moving with the times—conservatism rampant, romantic girls who disdained "Black" and were forbidden "Ouida," together with what Ruskin called "positivism with its religion of humanity, and negativism with its religion of chaos, from the entanglement of which no young people can escape, if they would." Acting of so polished a style it is rare to find here in London; go over to the Gay City and you expect it. If ever, then, the truth of the proposition that one good actor helps the success of another is to be proved, it has been at the Royalty. Mr. Dennis Eadie as the impulsive *young* John Rhead, and as *old* Sir John in "the sere and yellow," makes us forget that he is merely playing a part, and Mr. Lionel Atwill's performance as the Labour M.P. is astonishingly realistic. But it is the pathetic face, the throbbing voice, and delicate art of Miss Haidée Wright as the uncomplaining maiden Aunt which bring furtive tears to smiling eyes, and that queer little lump in your throat you try so very hard to swallow. The whole company works together with marvellous ability, there is such an extraordinary sort of mental contact or give and take system prevailing everywhere at the Royalty, that communicates itself instantly to the pulse of the public. "Milestones" will brighten this "black" season for many a month to come. The line of motors was so long the evening I was at this theatre, that it reached down into Oxford Street and as far as I could see. Good luck to "Milestones" and all such clean plays, say I.

10/6 Eyeglasses or Spectacles for 4/2

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Irish made and faced with strong Linen woven in our own factory.

This shape is a typical outdoor collar, in all depths.

Sample Collar, in any shape or size, post free for six stamps.

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May be obtained from all Wine and Spirit Merchants.

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Write direct for name of nearest retailer to

DUNVILLE & CO. Ltd., Belfast or London.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

E. E. (London, S.E.).—We do not know at what average speed cinematograph films are run, but, judging from some of the pictures we have seen, sixty miles an hour would be about it. In any case, they are very "fast."

M. G.—We regret we are unable to inform you whether "several well-known Society women divorced and separated from their husbands are to be presented at the early Drawing Rooms." We know more about Court affairs of another kind.

J. M. (Toronto) says: "If you have a good steady situation, with fair wages, don't come to Canada." Then we won't.

"Taurus" (Carmarthen).—We know nothing about the climate of Shere, North Queensland, but it is generally agreed that a Britisher can live anywhere. As to taking your wife with you, well, that depends on the sort of wife she is. We dare not advise.

E. W. S. (Waterloo) sends us an advertisement, cut from the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*, which reads:—

> Married Couple, without children, wanted as Master and Matron of Working Boys' Home; must be decided Christians and total abstainers.

Now, we are wondering what are the distinctive qualities, peculiarities, habits, and manners of "decided" Christians. Some new sect, we presume. And when did they decide about the children?

T. E. W. (Victoria, B.C.).—Always glad to hear from Overseas readers.

W. T. H. (Westcliff-on-Sea) sends us some flattering verses, which innate modesty compels us to suppress.

"Qatics" (Oldham).—Send your inquiry to *Lotinga's Weekly*. We know nothing about it.

"Redloh" (Paddington).—The Truck Act would not apply to the case you mention.

"French Canadian" (Belfast).—Yes, we will "stick to it." Let them go on talking—they'll understand us better some day. By the way, what are you doing in Belfast?

H. M. A. (Manchester) can "amply confirm" the statements made by "A Steward" in our issue of March 2nd. Although some of the routes mentioned are different, there is a startling similarity between their two experiences in these matters of unchecked gambling and interference with the female passengers, thus showing the universality of these abuses.

E. T. W. (Luton).—Hapgood's Agency is quite *bona fide*.

J. V. (Oxford) and his wife recently applied for a situation at Maidenhead as groom-gardener and cook-general, respectively, and received in reply an elaborate typewritten document describing the duties expected of him and his wife, together with two sheets of questions addressed to them and containing enquiries on practically everything except their birthmarks. We have referred the matter to Mr. Norman Tiptaft.

W. R. (Littlehampton).—There is very little demand by the Press for punning work, unless it is exceptionally well done. As with everything else, the best can always find a market.

"Aunt and Uncle."—Will the Somersetshire reader who, by mistake, sent us a private letter intended for a relative note that it will be returned on request? In the meantime, the communication is treated as confidential. We are quite used to hearing secrets.

G. M. P. (Seacombe).—We know nothing about Edwin James, football accountant, Basle, Switzerland, nor do we undertake to recommend anyone in that line of business. You pay your money and you—take the risk.

G. A. S. (S. Nigeria).—Your letter confirms our opinion of the unprofitableness of attempting to convert the African negro whilst there remains so much for sincere and conscientious missionaries to do in their own country amongst their own people.

R. L. C. M. (Tenby).—We shall have to keep our eye on the so-called Solutionists and other "skill competition sharks."

"Snider" (Littleborough) wants to know whether she and her sister had better start a small hand-laundry or a café. For our own part we would rather cater for the public stomach than handle its dirty linen.

F. M. R. L. (Battersea) wants to know "if there is really a remedy existing which stops falling hair and creates new, fresh hair if the roots are still there." The only certain remedy for baldness is fresh 'air.

"Human" (Leeds).—The Home Secretary is too busy learning the work of his new department to trouble about a little thing like the abominable cruelty of carted-deer hunting.

S. F. L. (Fife).—We know nothing about the Turf Pool Syndicate of Geneva.

"Comus" (Longford).—There may be openings for school teachers in Edmonton, Alberta, but we don't know of any. Anyway, Canadians are badly in need of somebody to teach them to tell the truth about their own country.

Mrs. W. (Leytonstone) complains that she sent threepence to the Danderine Company for a sample, and she has not received is yet. She should not get her dander up so soon. No doubt the sample will reach her shortly.

"Farmer" (Harrogate) inquires whether the Colonial Training Farm, at Horstead Keynes, Sussex, is genuine. He tells us that they guarantee for the sum of £21 to provide a month's training at the farm, second-class fare to Canada, and a berth on arrival there. We wonder what sort of a farmer can be turned out in a month.

E. S. (Waikato, N.Z.).—Sorry the Killjoys, or "Wowsers," as you call them, worry you in New Zealand, making Sundays hideous.

W. C. (Blackburn) declares that the doctors of to-day know the secret of the Bible. We are glad to hear it. But we would rather be treated by one who knows the secrets of his own profession.

M. J. L. (Coventry).—We know of no institute that trains midwives free—the Mrs. Gamp "school of experience" now being abolished by law. Write to *Mrs. Bull*.

C. R. W. (Kentish Town) writes: "I wishing to write a serial entitled 'The Mormon Patriarch,' may I inquire of you the name of this nefarious institution and the address of its headquarters?" Just as well to learn something about the subject before starting the serial, eh? Anyhow, "The Mormon Patriarch" is a good title to begin with.

F. J. G. (Portsmouth) says: "Old newspapers, if well damped and then pressed into hard balls, placed at the back of a clear fire and then covered with cinders or coal dust, will burn for hours and give out great heat." We will try it with the *Daily News*.

"Croydonian" (Vancouver) tells us it is nearly as easy to discover perpetual motion as to discover a situation in Canada during the winter months—unless you are an Italian or some other sort of Dago. Canadian emigrants—'nuff sed.

A. J. C. (Mile End, E.).—You must not reprint "signed articles" from a newspaper without permission, or you may find yourself in the soup.

A. R. W. (Bournemouth).—Take no heed of the advertisements of Bournemouth shipping agents, who say "1,700 men without experience" are wanted in Ontario. It's your passage money they want. We have stated repeatedly that Canada is reeking with unemployment, and if you see it in John Bull, it *is* so.

"An Aberdonian" is indignant because one of our recent contributors commented upon the greed of an Aberdonian on board his boat. We are afraid it will require more than "An Aberdonian's" indignation to correct the very general opinion of Scotch—thrift!

G. G. (West Malling) thinks we deserve one of our own biscuits for printing in a recent article on the Post Office, "This naturally causes officers of different sex to be alone together." Has G. G. never been "alone together" with his sweetheart? If not, we are sorry for him.

S. L. (Edgbaston) disputes that Glasgow is the second city in the Empire in point of population. We prefer the authority of Whittaker, which gives Glasgow 884,520, and Birmingham 840,372 inhabitants.

G. S. C. (New York) informs us that a German friend of his, intimate with some of the highest German Army and Navy officials, told him that plans for the invasion of England were completed two years ago. All that remains is to put them into execution, which may be done, *unless we stop Germany now.*

W. S. (Liverpool), who addressed his envelope to us as follows—"to Mister Jon Bull, The paypur Man, Sumwer in London," says: "Dere Jon,—is de survant yu ust to hav in yure payper got marrid she wus a gurl to my liking shud you no hur addres an not marrid i shud like to rite to hur." If this should meet the eye of Jane Ann, who, like Miss Christabel Pankhurst, has disappeared for a while, perhaps she will communicate with us.

J. B. (Birmingham).—We know no means whereby money can be recovered from shady football accountants operating from Switzerland. Write it off as a bad debt.

"Flodden Field" (Bristol), who objects to the substitution of "Britain" for "England," asks: "Why in thunder are you always considering Scottish susceptibilities?" He concludes his temperate and closely-reasoned letter by saying, "It is high time the cry was raised, 'England for the English,' and to Hell with the —— Scotch, Welsh, and other foreign devils, say I." That's the way to comb the Celtic fringe!

H. C. (Leeds).—We know nothing about the conditions of employment under the Insurance Act. But candidates need be in no hurry. It has not come into operation yet.

F. H. (Dudley).—We advise you to have nothing to do with the Lucerne firm. Surely our Football Competition fulfils all requirements.

"Striker" declares that no permanent settlement of the coal problem can be attained without nationalisation of the mines. But the strike agitators are not asking for that. Their occupation would be gone.

H. J. (Sutton), who says he and his family of five are starving in silence, has received an invitation to subscribe to the Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances. What an ironical comment upon our social system!

"A worker below ground for 14 years" says: "The days of Liberals, Tories, Labour, and Socialists should come to an end, and instead let us have business, and we shall see Old England rise up again." We can see many signs that the days of the parties named *are* coming to an end, and rapidly too.

J. H. (Glasgow) wants to know whether the Union Turf Club, of Sion, Switzerland, is all right, or the usual "Mug Catcher." We await word from Sion.

E. B. (London, E.C.).—Your sketch is ingenious, but we scarcely think Lloyd George can be compared with the boy who "stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled."

C. S. (Bristol) states that a little arsenic in a thin bag is sometimes attached to the bits of carriage horses, the result being that the animals froth at the muzzle in the manner approved by high society. We would like to catch our groom at the game. He would froth at the mouth without the aid of arsenic by the time we had finished with him.

S. W. (Leicester).—Yours is a patriotic suggestion, but we do not see why we should all subscribe directly towards the cost of a battleship to be presented to the Government, when we are at present all contributing indirectly by way of the taxes towards the cost of the whole fleet.

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

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Exclusive Pictures OF THE CUP-TIES

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THE ONLY CURE FOR BRAIN FAG, "NERVES" AND "WORRY."

A preparation that supersedes all nerve "tonics"—guaranteed free from strychnine or any other poisonous drugs.

Brainine Recharges All Impaired Nerves, Imparting New Energy.

Some Convincing Testimony.

Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., says:

"You may certainly give me as a reference to the remarkable qualities of BRAININE. Most of my clerks now take it regularly, as well as myself—and I think we get through more work than any other office in London, AND ARE NEVER TIRED. Why don't you advertise it?"

A LEADING HOSPITAL NURSE says:—"Under doctor's orders I am now using BRAININE when on duty, and the effect is really wonderful. Most of my convalescents take it—and are loud in its praise."

"Please send me BRAININE pellets to the value of 2s. 3d., P.O. enclosed. I have taken one box and find they are curing that unreasonable nervousness that really amounts to physical cowardice."

Yours faithfully, A. C. B.

"Enclosed please find P.O. 2s. 3d., for which kindly send me three boxes of BRAININE. I have finished the box I had, and it appears to have done me good, so I am going to try them on my wife, who is a great sufferer from nerves." Yours truly, A. P.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly send me another box of your BRAININE pellets. I have already nearly finished the box I sent to you for and have derived great benefit from them. I feel all I can do is to thank God that I ever saw your advertisement in *Mrs. Bull*. For the last six years I have been an awful sufferer from nervous headaches which the doctor called Neuritis. My life has been one of misery, but since taking your pellets life seems worth living. I have tried everything I have heard of and nothing seems lasting. I am afraid these pellets might be only casing me for a time like other things I have taken, but have never found anything to ease me so much as your pellets. I have also recommended them to my friends.

"I think you should advertise them more for the benefit of poor sufferers like myself." Yours gratefully, Miss J.

"Please find herewith enclosed 2s. 3d. for two boxes of BRAININE, as per your offer. I intend sticking to them; have finished taking first box."

Respectfully yours, A.

WHAT "BRAININE" IS.

"Brainine" is a BRAIN FOOD. It corrects the error into which the medical profession has hitherto fallen of treating the NERVES themselves—which are but the electric wires of the body—instead of the nerve source, the BRAIN, which is the electric Battery of the body. Unless the Battery is kept well charged, the current MUST give out. That is the explanation of the failure of all the so-called "Nerve Tonics." No strengthening of the wires will improve the current if the Battery is run down. Indeed, it only makes matters worse.

"Brainine" is made up in small chocolate-coated pellets, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, post free to any address in the United Kingdom.

If you have any difficulty in procuring a supply from your local Chemist or Stores, cut out this order and post direct with remittance.

To THE BRAININE COMPANY, 2, Marsham Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Please forward me a supply of BRAININE, for which I enclose P.O. 2s. 1½d.

Name .....

Address (in full) .....

.....

State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Isn't the Glad "Aye" what the miners want?
Hasn't the Government at last found a "job" it cannot manage?
Won't the next industrial "move" be a railway "stop"?
Wasn't it a case of "Standing Room Only" for the Liberal in Manchester?
Will gaining the South Pole compensate for losing the South Poll?
Doesn't a Government apt to "dilate" usually "die early"?
Won't the Trade Unions feel "a big draft"?
Isn't "Lent" likely to be more generally observed this year?
Aren't the suffragettes getting "something for their pance"?
Are the oil companies fretting about the strike?
Doesn't the Territorials' Sunday shooting make for a good aim?

"Island Sold for Four Shillings," reads a headline. More like a "give away," we should say.

"Marriage is like a besieged city," says a Chinese proverb. Once you are in, it is difficult to get out of it.

"Optimism is the dominant factor of the age," says Mr. W. T. Cox. We can only hope for the best.

Four thousand rounds of ammunition have arrived at the Bank. The Old Lady has still some shot in her locker.

The new battle-cruiser now building will, it is stated, be an advance on the *Lion*. The "alterations" will be made *before* completion, we presume?

"Wedding Shines, 1d.," reads a notice in a Montreal bootshop. But the real "shines" come after the wedding, and are free.

"Fowls as Models," reads a headline. They should make excellent lay-figures.

"Milestones," is the name of a new play. No doubt it will soon be "on the road."

A New York man attempted suicide because he could not sell his poetry. Rhyme without reason is not uncommon.

A Mitcham goose has laid an egg weighing three-quarters of a pound. It will take some beating.

"There are three kinds of authors," says Mr. Birrell. Yes—first-class, second-class, and no-class.

The suggestion of a distinguishing badge for bachelors is superfluous; he already wears one—his face.

Although the stage-workers won't work at His Majesty's Theatre, the players still play.

How to treat the confirmed bachelor: Fine him for contempt of "court."

OUR TWO £1,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

Our No. 9 Football Competition has resulted in three competitors dead-heating for the Consolation Prize of £25. Each of these correctly named the six teams gaining the highest number of goals, with the actual scores in the case of one match; and also the correct number in the case of one other team. The winners are:—

Mr. Joseph Johnson, Chapel Lane, Fulshaw, Wilmslow, Cheshire.
Mr. F. Surrill, 41, Sutherland Road, Bow.
Mr. William West, 58, Lynwood Avenue, Darwen.

Each of these gentlemen will therefore receive a prize of £8 6s. 8d.

£1,000 FOOTBALL FORECAST A.

In the case of Forecast A, a Birmingham competitor claimed to have given the winners of 19 matches out of 20. After a most careful search, however, the coupon relating to his claim failed to materialise, and the Consolation Prize of £25 has been awarded to

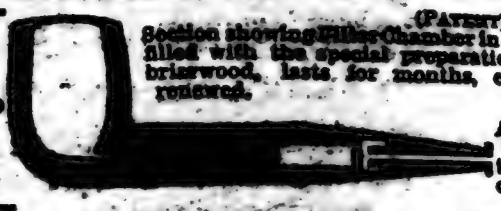
Mr. C. Gillim, 54, Stanhope Gardens, Green Lanes, Harringay,

who gave 17 correct results.

We again call attention to the notice in last week's issue with regard to a certain section of our competitors sending in fictitious claims. As we mentioned in our issue of February 3rd and on subsequent dates, we have specially constructed boxes which prevent the possibility of coupons being put in after time; and as on the arrival of every post all letters are sorted in alphabetical order and placed in the corresponding receptacles, there is no possibility of any going astray. In no case, therefore, will a prize be awarded unless the coupon corresponding with the claim comes to hand. Any competitor may call and inspect our special apparatus, and may himself deposit his coupon in the receptacle allocated to it.

Everyone IS TALKING ABOUT THE **SALUSBURY PIPE**

NO OTHER PATENT PIPE HAS EVER CAUSED SUCH A **Sensation**



(PATENT).
Section showing Filter Chamber in stem filled with the special preparation of briarwood, lasts for months, easily renewed.

A real boon to all cigarette smokers.

The smoke is filtered and purified. No nicotine. No spitting. No burning sensation. No smoker's throat. No bad nerves. The smoker obtains a BETTER ENJOYMENT OF THE TOBACCO. It is unquestionably the best Pipe in the market. Smokers are UNANIMOUS in its praise. A Physician writes: "I am immensely impressed with the excellent qualities of your Pipe." A Sportsman says: "In the purchase of your Pipe I have indeed backed a winner." From William Owen, Esq., Hon. Director of Wm. Owen, Ltd., Westbourne Grove, W.: "I think very highly of your patent Pipe." From E. Smith, Esq., J.P., ex Deputy-Chairman L.C.C.: "Your patent Pipe is in every way quite successful. It only wants to be known and tried to be surely used by Pipe Smokers." From H. Pemberton, Esq., J.P., C.C.: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Pipe I bought from you is the sweetest and coolest I have ever used." (HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.)

BEST BRIAR, HANDSOMELY SILVER MOUNTED, 5/6 Post Free. With box of refills. Illustrated Booklet gratis. Obtainable from The Army and Navy Stores and all high class Tobacconists, or direct from THE SYSTEPLEX MFG. CO., 12, Garrett St., Cursitor Edn., E.C.

ADORI

Japanese Toilet Specialities.

Exclusive Offer for 5 Days only.
A 10/6 Toilet Outfit for 5/-

In order to thoroughly introduce the Adori Toilet Preparations, which have revolutionised old time ideas of beauty culture, it has been decided, for the next five days only, to supply a 10/6 trial outfit for 5/- consisting of

1. **Box of Toilet Soap.**
2. **Bottle of Adori Perfume.**
3. **Bottle of Adori Hair Tonic.**
4. **Jar of Adori Massage Cream.**
5. **Stick of Adori Shaving Soap.**

As this offer cannot be repeated, orders should be posted immediately to our new and more extensive premises at

Gosshen Bldgs., Henrietta St., London, W.C.

WORLD'S CYCLE RECORD

H. Plain, 66 a 7 Rider' old British-made All-Steel MEAD ROADSTER SUPERB 'COVENTRY FLYER' Won Cowley's Gold Medal, 64,000 Miles in 365 Days. Beat all competitors on up-to-date cycles of all makes. MEAD CYCLES STAND THE TEST WARRANTED FIFTEEN YEARS. Dunlop Tyres, Special Saddles, Brass Gears, etc. £2.15 to £6.19.6 CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS. Direct from factory. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Without Our Penny Deposit. Ten Days' Free Trial. Better Cycles at factory prices. Write for Free Art Catalogue, Marvellous Offers and Booklet on Planet Bicycle Record Ride.

Est. Nym. **MEAD** CYCLE CO., Dept. 67, 8 11-12 Paradise St., LIVERPOOL.

OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

4d. per platinum pinned tooth given on Vulcanite, 2/- on silver, 1/3 on gold, 2/6 on platinum. Strictly genuine. Cash by return. Bankers, Lloyds. Tel. 4034 Central.

L. RAYBURN & Co., Dept. A, 41, Brazennose Street, Manchester.

BARGAINS IN

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

TO BE SOLD PRIVATELY BY

The NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.), 92, 93, & 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

The following goods having been removed from Holland Road, Kensington; Glenheim Mansions, Lisson Grove; Summerville Road, Thames Ditton; Maldox Street, W.; Goldhurst Terrace, Hampstead; Westhill, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; Theobald's Park; and elsewhere, are offered at half the original cost, and comprise, amongst other articles too numerous to mention, the following general household effects:—BEDROOM FURNITURE: 6 oak bedroom suites, from £4 15s.; 3 white enamelled bedroom suites, from £1 4s.; 5 solid oak bedroom suites, with large wardrobe and dressing-table, with side cheval glasses, £5 17s. 6d.; walnut bedroom suite, reflex mirrors to dressing table, £8 8s.; an inlaid Sheraton design mahogany bedroom suite, £7 17s. 6d.; a similar suite, £10 15s.; 4 ft. 6 in. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, oval glass door to wardrobe, 12 guineas; 4 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with Beaconsfield wardrobe, £15 10s.; 5 ft. mahogany bedroom suite, with 2 oval doors to wardrobe, reflex mirrors to dressing-table, 19 guineas; 6 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, fitted drawers and trays, 24 guineas; 6 ft. Louis design mahogany bedroom suite, 28 guineas; 6 ft. walnut bedroom suite, 40 guineas; 7 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with bow front to wardrobe, 60 guineas; 7 ft. satinwood bedroom suite, 10 guineas; several inlaid chests from 50s.; 6 ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 6 ft. 6 in. mahogany wardrobe, fitted drawers and trays, 12 guineas; several iron bedsteads from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, 10s.; full-size black and brass bedsteads, with wire springs, 21s.; 9 oak bedsteads, 15s.; pair brass twin bedsteads, 5 guineas; pair white and brass twin bedsteads, 3 guineas; inlaid Sheraton bedstead, including wire spring mattress, £3 15s.; full-size all-brass bedstead, 60s.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, £3 19s. 6d.; full-size all-brass square tube Italian bedstead, 8 guineas; and several others up to 16 guineas. The DINING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises fumed oak dining-room suite, consisting of large size sideboard, 6 chairs, 2 carving chairs, overmantel, dining table, rug, &c., will accept £13 7s. 6d. the lot; most massive carved oak Elizabethan design dining-room set, consisting of sideboard with bevelled plate-glass back, oxidised copper fittings, fitted cellarette, 6 massive carved oak chairs, and 2 carving chairs to match, dining table, 16 guineas the set; a similar set, with large sideboard and 2 lounge easy chairs, upholstered in red leather, 25 guineas; magnificent oak dining-room suite, £8 15s.; oak suite in green pegamoid, £3 19s. 6d.; sideboard to match, 4 guineas; overmantel, 30s.; Queen Anne design dining-room suite, £5 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 15s.; dining table, £2 15s.; handsome Queen Anne design mahogany dining-room set, upholstered in red leather, £7 19s. 6d.; dining-table to match, 4 guineas; Chippendale design set of chairs, ball and claw feet, exquisite design, 12 guineas; oak, walnut and mahogany sideboards, large variety in stock, from £4 10s. to 40 guineas; about 50 odd dining-room chairs; 20 dining tables, from 21s.; oak bureau, 21s.; pedestal writing tables; roll top desks, all sizes; revolving bookcases; a most superb Chesterfield, and 2 large club easy chairs to match in green leather, £15 10s.; mahogany secretaire bookcase, enclosed by 2 glass doors, cupboards, under 8 guineas. The DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises very fine, drawing-room suite, upholstered in art tapestry, £3 10s.; another design suite, £8 10s.; satinwood finish drawing-room suite, 7 guineas; an elegant design Louis XIV. gilt drawing-room suite, £19 10s.; another set, similar design, 14 guineas; Chesterfield drawing-room suite with 2 large lounge easy chairs, and 4 solid mahogany chairs, most exquisite design, £12 19s. 6d.; large size double sprung Chesterfield and 2 large easy chairs to match, covered in silk tapestry, 22 guineas; set of Dutch Marqueterie chairs, 14 guineas; handsome design Vernis Marten cabinet, 16 guineas; another, 12 guineas; Buhl cabinet, 11 guineas; another, 14 guineas; table *en suite*, 8 guineas; Chesterfields from £3 10s. to 10 guineas; Chippendale design cabinet, £2 19s. 6d.; similar one, £5 15s.; Sheraton design cabinet, £3 15s.; Sheraton design specimen table, 50s.; occasional tables from 12s. 6d.; occasional chairs, 50 in stock, from 6s. 6d.; 2 white enamel overmantels, 18s. 6d. and 27s. 6d.; oval gilt table, 10 guineas; pair 9-light candelabra, 6 guineas; 5-light candelabra, 10 guineas; clock in ormolu case, £8 15s.; piano, 8 guineas; an upright piano, iron frame, £22 15s.; ditto by Carl Strauss, 20 guineas; and several others in stock up to 40 guineas; grand pianos by Steinway, Bechstein, Blüthner, &c. Large stock of carpets, Tapestry, Mirzapore, Turkey and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from 18s. 6d.; a large variety of Axminster and Wilton carpets, always in stock, from £2 15s. HALL FURNITURE: Hall stands from 20s.; hall cupboard, 3 guineas; large quantity of electro-plate, china, cutlery, kitchen utensils, curtains, bed and table linen, &c.

Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods Town or Country free of charge, or can remain stored 12 months free of charge. All goods can be seen where they are now lying for the convenience of sale, any day from 9 till 9, except Saturday, when we close at 7 o'clock, at

The NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.), 92, 93, & 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.,

One door from Oxford Street, three minutes from Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Circus, and adjoining all principal tubes. Telephone, 1307 Central. £10,000 worth of second-hand furniture always on show. Catalogues now ready. Special attention given to Export Orders. Country buyers should send for catalogue.

IF A MAN ASKED YOU

to give him fifteen shillings for ten shillings

would you do it? We think not. Then why pay a shopkeeper 12/6 for a pair of boots not one whit better than (and often inferior to) our renowned all-leather "Footshape" boots which you can obtain for 8/6? Reduce your boot bill by buying direct from the factory, eliminating wholesalers' and retailers' profits, establishment charges, etc., and assuring absolute satisfaction or your money back. And remember "Footshape" boots at 8/6 are not the kind of boots that you buy for 8/6 at the bootshop. Send for a pair of "Footshape" warranted all-leather boots to-day and judge for yourself.

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 1617.—BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight polish, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toe-capped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

No. 1717.—GLACE KID BOOT, 8/6.—Exactly same style and quality as above but slightly lighter in weight.

No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 8/6.—A magnificent boot, rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf. (Note. Brown costs 1/- extra.)

Warranted All Leather.

SIZES FOR ORDERING.

SIZES: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide). Simply state the style number of boot, and size and width required.

If size is not known, send an old boot, or draw outline of stockinged foot on paper (Outline of boot is of no use).

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO YOUR DOOR

144-page Catalogue FREE on receipt of 2d. (cost of postage only).

COUPON

For "Footshape" Boots on approval.

No.....

Size.....

Width .....

If I am not satisfied you are to return my money in full. "John Bull," March 16, 1912.

(*Foreign Postage Extra.*)

W. BARRATT & Co., Ltd.,

"Footshape" Boot Manufacturers.

(Desk 66), STERLING WORKS, NORTHAMPTON.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

43rd Edition

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Maggie*" *of* The Globe.]

Prophetic.

The second day of the National Hunt meeting should this afternoon (Thursday) enable

HIMAN

if competing, to atone for two previous beatings in £1,000 handicaps, and in his absence I like nothing better than Briery. The Handicap Steeplechase will, I think, fall to

GREEK PLAY,

while I should put up Johnstown Lad as his deputy—or the danger. Obviously the best thing would be Okoro in the Swindon Selling Steeplechase if saddled for it.

Kempton gives us a good card, with plenty of betting opportunities, although at short prices. Kya Lami must, for instance, go very close for the Middlesex Steeplechase, Wildrake will win the Thames Plate at odds on, and Flying Loris (or in his probable absence Bedgrove) the Trial Handicap. Should Briery not have competed at Cheltenham the little horse could take the Rendlesham Handicap here, and next to him the best would be Bendy Tree. In Saturday's Spring Steeplechase

KILKEEL

will atone for two recent seconds, while at Blackpool the only bet worth having is Sir Halbert in the Grand National Trial Steeplechase.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS.

By "McW."

From now till the close of the season it will not be wise to imagine that the lowly-placed clubs will take matters lying down, and when you find Glossop drawing at Wolverhampton, of all places, and Gainsboro' trouncing Huddersfield, you have no reason to open your eyes in wonder. Desperate teams, like desperate men, do desperate deeds. All the same, I hope to come near the mark with the following fancies for Saturday next, March 16th :—

PROBABLES.

Newcastle.	Grimsby.
Sheffield United.	Leicester Fosse.
Burnley.	Brighton.
Chelsea.	Crystal Palace.
Clapton Orient.	Northampton.

POSSIBLES.

Aston Villa.	Notts Forest.
Everton (away).	Coventry.
Woolwich Arsenal.	Leyton.
Gainsboro'.	Luton.

The high-score games on Saturday, March 23rd, may be West Bromwich *v.* Manchester City, Fulham *v.* Leeds, and New Brompton *v.* Coventry.

THE SAFE MAN WHO GIVES THE BEST TERMS AND SATISFACTION.

C. H. STAPLETON

9, 11, 13 & 15, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Write in confidence, stating weekly credit required.

FOOTBALL.

Send for Price lists. Every match in the 1st Scottish, 1st and 2nd English and Southern Leagues to choose from.

PATRICK FARLEY,

Turf and Football Accountant.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND; and 19, HOWARD ST., GLASGOW.
NO LIMIT TO DOUBLES OR TREBLES. LETTERS and COMMISSIONS. Pay at Night. Write for Terms.

FOOTBALL!

ESTABLISHED 16 YEARS.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

THE WORLD'S PREMIER Football Accountants,

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man Who Always Pays.
Basle 2, Switzerland.

FOOTBALL AND RACING.

trade ONLY in One name, and that is my own. Unique Scale of Odds, Racing Season, 1912.

Free Postage. Free Postage.

FOOTBALL

H. HAMILTON & Co.,

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

The Oldest Established Football Accountants in the World. Lotinga's Weekly for Dec. 30th, 1911, says:—"It is absolutely the punter's own fault if he is now weished at Football betting when there are such firms as H. HAMILTON & CO. transacting business on Football." Send a postcard (postage 1d.) for the most liberal price list issued. £25 FREE OFFER open to all Clients.

FOOTBALL

"JOHN BULL" says: "Every week we are inundated with complaints from people who have been defrauded by bogus football accountants. To a very great extent it serves them right, as, instead of accepting fictitious odds offered them by strangers, they could entrust their business to a reliable firm, like that of Bert Fry, and be sure of receiving their winnings."

BERT FRY, BALE 2, SWITZERLAND.

Absolutely every match in the 4 Leagues to choose from on March 16th, 1912.

COMMISSIONS ACCEPTED FOR 3 HOME TEAMS.

Special Half-Time Sheet. £50 Free Prize Weekly.
Free Postage.

LINCOLNSHIRE NATIONAL £1,000 DOUBLE.

THE RACING STUD, Estab. 1900. Praised by L. Lynx of the PEOPLE, JOHN BULL, S. LIFE, etc. THE RACING WORLD says: "A remarkable run of big successes for years past." Post 5/- quick for the above GIGANTIC DOUBLE. Races AT THEIR MERCY. Our LINCOLN TIP is "baffling" the Press. Our NAT. Gem will win like our GLENSIDE "SURPRISE" of 1911. Big "Tips" for whole season, £1 1 0.

THE RACING STUD, High Road, Turnham Green, W.

W. & A. FOX, Football Accountants.
BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES

YOU CAN START WITH ONLY £3 CAPITAL! PROFITS OFTEN EXCEED £10 DAILY.

AND FAMOUS METHOD OF TURF INVESTMENT.

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I GUARANTEE YOU A REGULAR INCOME

without fail each season! Follow my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES! You can build up a fortune in winnings!! Don't lose any more money! Adopt my great plan of Investment and my unique DAILY SYSTEM WIRES at once!

WINNERS ABSOLUTELY IN SUPER-ABUNDANCE.
YOU CAN ABSOLUTELY DEFEAT YOUR BOOKMAKER.
Supreme Winning Consistency.

SEND A POSTCARD FOR MY GREAT FREE BOOK.

It tells you everything. It contains testimonials, proofs, Press notices and my SELECTIONS FOR 1909, 1910 and 1911, &c. Write your name and address on a postcard and the words "John Bull" and this book will be sent you FREE in a PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE.

MY GREAT FREE BOOK TELLS YOU HOW YOU CAN MAKE RACING PAY!

I WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL IF YOU CAN FIND I DO NOT CARRY OUT MY GUARANTEE.

C. ALLEN, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, LONDON, W.C. Telegrams: "Bagliecom, London." 'Phone: 16227 Central.

£2,000 TWO COMPETITIONS £2,000

No Entrance Fee—Fifty Pounds awarded each week.

N.B.—A Voucher from Page One of Cover must accompany each Coupon.

You may enter the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR THREE RESULTS, or our other £1,000 COMPETITION FOR CORRECT FORECAST, or you may enter both, but remember this, a Voucher from the first page of the cover of this issue MUST accompany each coupon. One Voucher will not suffice for any two coupons. For each and every coupon you send in you must enclose with same a Voucher. Any competitor not complying with this condition will be disqualified.

Many readers have written to say that they object to putting their name and address on the back of their envelopes. Accordingly in future a *nom de plume* will suffice, provided that when claims are sent in competitors will let us know the *nom de plume* they have adopted. Your name and address need not in future be given.

In our £1,000 Competition for Three Results all that you have to do is to state which two clubs in Column One competing against each other, which two clubs in Column Two, and which two in Column Three will between them score the greatest number of goals, and give the actual scores.

If your estimate is the only correct one you will receive £1,000 for your skill. If your estimate proves to be the one most nearly accurate

You Must Win £25.

In the corresponding matches last season the clubs totalling the greatest number of goals between them, and the goals each club actually scored, were as follows:—

NOTTS COUNTY 2	NEWCASTLE 2	Total Goals	4
DERBY 4	STOCKPORT 1	,,	,,	5
PLYMOUTH .. 5	CRYSTAL P. 1	,,	,,	6

If the results proved to be the same on Saturday, March 23rd, and your coupon showed these correct results you would be £1,000 in pocket unless some other competitor tied with you. Were your forecast, although not absolutely correct, the nearest to the correct results, you would win the Prize of Twenty-Five Pounds.

If you are looking for guidance, let us recommend to you the views of the great Football Writer and Expert, "McW.," who contributes "Football Favourites" in another column. Each week, too, you will find "Football Fancies" in "Lotinga's Weekly."

Do not run away with the idea that we do not wish you to win the Mammoth Prize:

The sooner the £1,000 is won the better pleased we shall be.

We realise its advertising value.

Remember, in conclusion, that you must select clubs actually competing against each other on Saturday, March 23rd.

No. 12. THREE RESULTS £1,000.

COUPON FOR MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd.

The two opposing clubs in Column One, the two in Column Two, and the two in Column Three which, between them, will total the largest number of goals and the goals which each will score will be as follows:—

ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. I.)	Goals.		Goals.
BLACKBURN R.	.....	v. BRADFORD CITY	.....
BURY	.....	v. OLDHAM	.....
EVERTON	.....	v. PRESTON N.E.	.....
MANCHESTER U.	.....	v. LIVERPOOL	.....
MIDDLESBRO'	.....	v. SHEFFIELD U.	.....
NOTTS COUNTY	.....	v. NEWCASTLE	.....
SHEFFIELD W.	.....	v. BOLTON W.	.....
SUNDERLAND	.....	v. WOOLWICH A.	.....
TOTTENHAM H.	.....	v. ASTON VILLA	.....
W. BROMWICH A.	.....	v. MANCHESTER C.	.....

ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. II.)	Goals.		Goals.
BARNSLEY	.....	v. LEICESTER F.	.....
BIRMINGHAM	.....	v. CLAPTON O.	.....
BLACKPOOL	.....	v. NOTTS FOREST	.....
BRADFORD	.....	v. WOLVERH'PTON	.....
BRISTOL CITY	.....	v. BURNLEY	.....
DERBY COUNTY	.....	v. STOCKPORT	.....
FULHAM	.....	v. LEEDS	.....
GLOSSOP	.....	v. GRIMSBY	.....
HUDDERSFIELD	.....	v. CHELSEA	.....
HULL CITY	.....	v. GAINSBORO'	.....

SOUTHERN LEAGUE (Div. I.)	Goals.		Goals.
BRENTFORD	.....	v. BRIGHTON	.....
EXETER	.....	v. STOKE	.....
N. BROMPTON	.....	v. COVENTRY	.....
WATFORD	.....	v. LEYTON	.....
READING	.....	v. NORWICH	.....
PLYMOUTH	.....	v. CRYSTAL P.	.....
SOUTHAMPTON	.....	v. LUTON	.....
Q. P. RANGERS	.....	v. NORTHAMPTON	.....
MILLWALL	.....	v. SWINDON	.....
WEST HAM	.....	v. BRISTOL R.	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Should no one succeed in estimating all the particulars correctly, then £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED IN BOTH COMPETITIONS.

1. The decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" must be accepted as final and legally binding, and you enter only on that clear understanding.
2. Your estimate must be written only on a JOHN BULL Coupon, or on the Coupon to be found in "Lotinga's Weekly," and a voucher from one of these papers must accompany each coupon.
3. £1,000 will be awarded in each competition to the competitor (or competitors) sending an absolutely correct estimate. If no competitor is absolutely correct in his coupon, £25 will be given in each competition to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the Prize will be divided.
4. JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" will not accept any responsibility whatever in the matter of the non-delivery or delay of any attempt submitted.
5. All correspondence in the matter of the conduct of these competitions will be ignored.
6. Readers in Scotland are precluded from taking part in our Football Competitions owing to the attitude of their Law officers.
7. All competitors claiming prizes must send in their claims by the Thursday following the matches played.
8. All competitors must put the name and number or letter of the competition on the top left-hand corner of the front of the envelope containing coupons or claims, and their names or *noms de plume* only must be distinctly written on the back of the envelope.
9. Competitors sending in claims must forward copy of coupons to which their claims refer.
10. When two or more matches in the same League result in an equal number of goals, then the match including the team highest on the League table the previous Saturday will count in the Three Results Competition.
11. Coupons and vouchers for both Competitions may be sent in the same envelope.

Mark your envelopes "Football" and post your attempts so that they reach JOHN BULL, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C., not later than mid-day Thursday, March 21st next.

D £1,000 FOOTBALL FORECAST D

COUPON FOR MATCHES

(No Entrance Fee.) **TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd.** **(No Entrance Fee.)**

(Cross out in ink the club which you think will lose. Where you anticipate a draw do not cross out either.)

BLACKBURN ROVERS	v. BRADFORD CITY	BARNSLEY	v. LEICESTER FOSSE	EXETER	v. STOKE
BURY	v. OLDHAM	BIRMINGHAM	v. CLAPTON ORIENT	NEW BROMPTON	v. COVENTRY
EVERTON	v. PRESTON N.E.	BLACKPOOL	v. NOTTS FOREST	READING	v. NORWICH
MIDDLESBRO'	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED	BRADFORD	v. WOLVES	PLYMOUTH	v. CRYSTAL PALACE
NOTTS COUNTY	v. NEWCASTLE	BRISTOL CITY	v. BURNLEY	QUEEN'S PARK R.	v. NORTHAMPTON
SUNDERLAND	v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL	GLOSSOP	v. GRIMSBY	MILLWALL	v. SWINDON
TOTTENHAM H.	v. ASTON VILLA	HUDDERSFIELD	v. CHELSEA		

A Voucher Must Accompany each Coupon.

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Should no one give all the correct results, £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly accurate. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

See page 362 for Result of Competition No. 9.

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Agents for the Colonies—GORDON & GOTCH, LTD., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa—CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD
Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada.
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